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Contents for June, 1907.

COVER DESIGN
Illustrating "Petticoat Pioneering Down to Date."

Frontispiece.		142
Petticoat Pioneering Down to Date.	**Forrest Crissey**	143
King Neptune's Toll. Verse.	**Hubert McBean Johnston**	148
The Welcome of the Cities. Verse.	**Sara Hamilton Birchall**	149
Sam Macquoid, Lumberjack. Illustrated with drawings by L. Peterson.	**Katherine Hughes**	150
The Construction Gang. Verse.	**James P. Haverson**	157
The Wheat Lands of West Canada.	**Edward E. Higgins**	158
After-Song. Verse. Illustrated with drawings by H. S. Craig.	**Sara Hamilton Birchall**	164
Sanderson of the Frontier. The Pioneer's Tale.	**Edward Angus**	165
The Northwest Trails. Illustrated with photographs.	**Herbert Vanderhoof**	170
The Delinquent Debtor.	**J. J. Armstrong**	179
A Pictorial Story of Indian Head, Saskatchewan.		182
The Passing of the Old West.	**T. Bradstock Evans**	190
The Furnace. Fiction. Chaps. IX.-XIII. Illustrated with drawings by M. B. Aleshire.	**Philip Payne**	192
This Canada of Ours. Verse.	**J. Duncan Harley**	204
Twenty-to-One.	**Cy Warman**	205
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor.		208
Shop Talk.	**The Editor**	210
Industrial Openings.	**The Editor**	214

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THE
CANADA WEST

Petticoat Pioneering Down to Date

By Forrest Crissey

Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.

An irresistible attraction seems to attach itself to all exploits of womankind in fields of effort and endurance usually considered as peculiarly set apart to man and masculine endeavor. It is this charm which gives unfailing interest to the pioneering tales of those women—now comparatively few in number and of advanced years—who helped to make our Western frontier a place of civilization, an assemblage of homes—for there is never civilization in any proper sense of the term where women and homes are not to be found.

The special seasoning of the grandmothers' tales of pioneer life which always won eager listeners and held them to the end was the element of hardship and struggle which entailed upon the woman of the frontier the necessity of doing and enduring things belonging by good rights to men—and to strong and courageous men at that!

You or I have seldom listened to a recital of such "early hardships" from the lips of pioneer women without also hearing from them the half-regretful comment: "Ah! but those days are over; they are a thing of the past on American soil!" Are they? Is the soil of this continent no longer the scene of heroic struggle, on the part of women of pluck and daring, in the same kind of frontier work of which the grandmothers of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and the other prairie wilderness states tell? The question is not only interesting, it is highly significant—for it implies a test as to whether there has been, in the process of our civilization, a falling away of the spirit of the American woman. There are cynical writers in plenty who hold that such is the case; that the typical woman of this continent has no longer the fortitude, the good American grit and the resourcefulness to "do the things which our

grandmothers did when they planted and peopled our western frontier." And there are millions of readers, of both sexes, who sympathize with the viewpoint of writers who hold this view. But the writer of this article has not the slightest sympathy with utterances of this sort; he believes that to-day there is as much of this sturdy and rough-and-ready heroism of the frontier kind among American women as in the days when the first crop of homes was planted in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Probably it is true that this spirit is not so generally put to the test—but certainly enough of it is active and militant effectively to demonstrate to any fair-minded man that there has been no real falling away of the pioneer spirit among the women of America and that their latent courage, devotion to family and willingness to face the privation of a new country for the sake of establishing a home which shall later yield a permanent competency, is as strong now as in the days recalled by grandmothers whose tales of heroism and hardships fascinate the children of to-day.

The most interesting and romantic instances of present-day pioneering are furnished by women who come from the soil—from the farms instead of the cities and towns. Among the many examples of strictly modern pioneering on the part of women with which the writer is familiar, there is none of keener human interest than the experience of Mrs. Smith, of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. The simple narrative this woman endured and accomplished might well furnish to Hamlin Garland, Emerson Hough or William R. Leighton the basis of a tale of feminine courage and resourcefulness quite as fascinating as any which have come from their skilful pens in this field wherein their finest work has been done. But let the reader be the judge as to the fairness and accuracy of this statement.

Some years ago this woman and her husband held a solemn conference in their Missouri home—or rather in the cabin which they occupied as renters. Apart from a few rough household utensils their only earthly possession consisted of a herd of sixteen horses which were so thin from insufficient pasturage that their ribs could almost be counted But they were of good stock and well worth saving—at the cost of great effort. The husband was well-nigh discouraged with the up-hill fight against the conditions which surrounded him, and when the plucky wife proposed, "Let's pull out of here and keep going until we can find good free grazing land," he gave his eager acceptance.

They packed their "household truck" into a mover's wagon, took their little daughter on the seat beside them and their string of scrawny horses behind the prairie schooner and set out northward. Week after week they plodded on to the north without finding the Promised Land in which they were content to settle. By some curious fate they several times barely steered their schooner clear of some of the richest grazing lands in the United States then open to the homestead. But they were determined to "strike it right" before they called a halt and their geography had no national boundary lines. They crossed the Canadian border, entered the valley of the Saskatchewan and still pressed on.

One day, however, a prospect opened to their eyes which caused the man to bring the mover's wagon to a standstill. On every hand was an abundance of rich and luscious grasses. "This is good enough for us," responded the wife to the question in the eyes of her husband. They pitched camp and at once proceeded to put up a rough corral. Then they together cut and hauled the logs for a cabin, fitted them into place and thatched the roof.

Scarcely had they realized their dream of having a roof of their own over their heads when the husband was stricken with a sudden and fatal illness. For weeks the members of the little family had seen the face of no human being apart from their own.

Standing beside the body of her husband the woman realized the awfulness of her isolation—the shack of her nearest neighbor being a hundred miles away "as the crow flies." There was but one thing for her to do and she did it bravely. With her own hands she dug a grave in the prairie sod and tenderly laid her husband's remains away, finding her own greatest comfort in the necessity of soothing the grief and fear of the little girl.

Naturally her first thought was that of beating a retreat and getting back to a settlement. But as she reflected upon the dangers of the trail she realized that perhaps they were quite as great as those she must face if she remained in the log cabin. The drove of horses had picked up wonderfully on the rich grasses of their unlimited pasturage and they constituted all their worldly wealth. She also saw that if she could somehow "stick it out" she would be the possessor of a self-sustaining home sooner than she could possibly hope to by any other means.

FORREST CRISSEY

In reflecting upon the precautions which she might take to contribute to her safety her eye chanced to fall upon some clothes which had belonged to her husband. This gave her an idea which she immediately put into practice—that of always dressing in man's attire and thus giving to any chance rider of the range the impression that she was a man. For ten years from the first day she dressed herself in her husband's clothes she did not once wear skirts. In those days rustlers (cattle thieves) were not unknown and "renegades" from the States also appreciated the seclusion of that remote district. Then, too, the cowboys of that region occasionally enlivened the monotony of their routine by feuds and fights. Altogether the situation was one to demand the presence of "a man about the place"—so long as those who passed by the little cabin were under the impression that the family had a male protector the practical result was the same.

Whenever this brave woman encountered a man on the range her slouch hat was pulled down to shelter her face and the fact that she could ride and handle her horses as well as any man helped to maintain her disguise. After a time cowboys became more numerous and frequently the widow exchanged greetings with them, as they both rode their rounds, but her secret was never suspected—although she gained the reputation, through the Woods River country, of being "the slim Yankee chap that wants to be let alone." As there were others in the region who had the same desire, from far different motives, the custom was not to intrude upon those who did not invite "sociability."

Meantime her drove of horses prospered and multiplied and eventually she found herself handling the commercial side of ranching—and doing it with an ability which maintained her rights and increased her reputation of being a shrewd manager. At the end of ten years, however, the trail which she and her husband had broken began to be worn deeper by those who heard of the richness of the land and the sleekness of the cattle and horses which grazed upon its grasses. The shacks and cabins of the neighbors

made their appearance in so close a proximity that she no longer felt the necessity of maintaining her masculine disguise—and she threw it off and returned gladly to the skirts which tradition holds to be the badge of femininity.

To-day this woman is one of the recognized industrial factors of Western Canada and in the place of the sixteen scrawny, half-starved horses which followed the trail from Missouri she has a herd from which each year she sends several thousand head to the best markets and they bring their owner the best going prices. While she is financially in a position to retire from work and live in luxury she prefers to stick to the ranch and even finds pleasure in occasionally dressing in the masculine costume which she was so long obliged to wear, as an expedient for her safety, and taking a hand at the hard tasks which she used to do in the days when she was "father, mother and hired hand combined."

There is a story, too, behind the Henderson ranch, in Alberta, near Edmonton, which would make another chapter in the book of "HEROISM OF MODERN PIONEERS IN PETTICOATS." It can only be suggested here. Before the railroad penetrated that region Mr. Henderson had ranged the high places of British Columbia as a prospector. Too much of the proverbial "prospector's luck" had tamed his ambition to a point where he was willing to yield to his wife's entreaties and settle down to the plodding life of a farmer, provided he could find a free farm that suited him. Hearing of the mild climate and the rich soil of Alberta he asked her if she were game for a four months' saddle trip across country. Although the baby—the youngest of the children—was an "infant in arms," the courageous woman did not hesitate. Following the example of the Indian mother she contrived a device for carrying the baby upon her back while two other children next larger rode in panniers on each side of the hardy and dependable Canadian pony, which she rode. When, at the end of a third of a year on horseback, they reached the settlement to which they journeyed for a thousand miles, they were penniless and their clothes were in tatters.

But the woman's quick wit at once saw how the family finances could be raised from the zero point to comparative independence. The place was a bachelor settlement and the mere announcement that the "new woman" would take in darning brought her a collection of socks almost terrifying in its proportions. Then came appeals for all kinds of patching and repairing. But the strongest was for bread—of the sort that would carry conviction of its association with feminine hands with it. This made the winter a season of profit for the newly arrived family instead of one of scant subsistence.

In the spring the husband began to plow the prairie acres of his claim. Taking care of six children did not occupy all the wife's time and as she had patched, darned and baked for the community of bachelors to their satisfaction she started out to find some new source of profit. The first wild fruits among the grasses of the prairie brought the solution of her problem. Not only did she gather these in quantities and preserve them ready for sale in the winter, but she also transplanted many of the plants and bushes into her own garden. Under cultivation they produced bountifully. From her preserves, pickles and table delicacies, which she sold at good prices to their bachelor neighbors, she made quite an income. Then she procured a few colonies of bees, which multiplied until one season her honey product was four thousand pounds. Her dairy was and is patronized by the entire community apart from those families having cows of their own.

By this woman's courage and resourcefulness in assisting her husband, the family which came to the settlement on horseback and penniless has been well-cared for and is now independent. The claim is now their

own and they are reckoned among the most prosperous and substantial members of their community.

Not all the pioneering done by women to-day is to be credited to those who are driven by the sharp spur of necessity or to those who are familiar with the pinch of poverty, nor are all the women who are known as practical farmers in the new country of the Northwest inured by long experience to the life of the soil and unfamiliar with the luxuries of city life. Probably there is not a woman farmer in all Western Canada more widely known than Miss Gilroy, who is commonly known as "the bachelor girl farmer"

She was an artist in a city studio and had a fair taste of success in that line when her health failed and her physician remarked: "You must quit this studio life and get out on the prairies. The best thing in the world for you to do would be to hire out as a farm hand and be obliged to earn your living by labor in the fields. Rather a hard prescription and possibly one that cannot be filled to the letter—but it's the best possible one for the case."

Miss Gilroy decided to take the doctor at his word—only with the condition that she work on her own farm instead of another's. She went into the Saskatchewan Valley and there took up a claim and personally labored in the improvement of her land. Art was relegated to the position of a recreation and agriculture became the serious business of life. Her winter evenings were spent in the study of scientific drainage, the chemical composition of soils and other agricultural problems. As she lived alone in her own "shack" she had much time for study.

The practical application of the knowledge gained by intelligent research and by correspondence with the Agricultural Department of the Government has made her farm the pride of her locality. In the summer she arises at four in the morning and every line of work on the entire ranch is done under her personal direction. To-day she owns 320 acres of good farming land under a high state of cultivation, and does not owe a dollar. More than that, illness is only a reminiscence with her. She laughs at any expression of sympathy of the "hardness" or the "roughness" of the life which she now leads, although it is as far as possible from leisure or luxury.

Still another example of the kind of pioneering done by women from towns and cities is the case of Mrs. J. C. Pope of the Regina district, who had lived in town on the slender salary of a husband holding a small Government position. Tiring of trying to make "both ends meet" in this financial problem, she finally determined upon a radical departure. Not far out of town was a place on which an Englishman had spent considerable money only to abandon it. "Buy the Admiral's place," pleaded the wife; but the conservative husband thought the step decidedly venturesome.

However, the wife's heart was set on the move and she at last carried the day. When the change was made the joy of the children in the new life was much in the line of compensation. From her garden—which she declared mainly produced "a big crop of delicious mistakes"—she was able to buy a half-interest in a cow. That cow proved the creature of destiny to Mrs. Pope. She had never been taught the elusive art of butter-making and her first untutored efforts in that direction are best passed over lightly. She could sell the butter—for butter in that country was in keen demand—but she could not eat it herself. Therefore she traded it at the store for the butter made by an experienced hand. When this was served on the table with drops of brine standing on it, as if fresh from

the churn, her husband's compliments were profuse. She kept up the joke until that time when she could be in a better position to enjoy it herself.

When her husband was absent from the place she rode to the Government creamery, a few miles away, and took lessons in butter-making. And she was an apt pupil, for she quickly caught the knack and became unusually proficient. She was also a good salesman and the butter stamped with her initials soon came to command fancy prices. Her dairy was enlarged until she was able to furnish the Canadian Pacific Railway with butter for all of its eating houses and its train service.

And so it goes. In Western Canada are many homesteads, gifts of a lavishly generous Government, where the entire work of the farm is being done by the hands of young women—girls of education and refinement—who are respected and have a good social standing in their community.

King Neptune's Toll

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Author of the "Gore Valley Viaduct"

Deep in a cave of the hungry sea,
Far from the foam-flecked crest,
'Mid moulder and rot of sunken hulks
Where swaying corpses rest,
Squats an octopus grim, tentacles long
Wound round his slimy breast,
As with evil eye, he watches the throng
Of sea-folk scurry past.

Fast in the grip of a lashing gale,
Drenched by the briny spray,
Lurched a heeling vessel, bulwarks staunch
Splintered and swept away;
As with drunken reel, she staggered down
Into the sea-trough gray,
To be sucked below with an anguished moan,
Old Neptune's toll to pay.

To its watery tomb from vortex swirl,
In ghost-like silence hushed,
The shade of the good ship, once so true,
Careering downward rushed,
Where the octopus foul, tentacles strong
Bound round revolting breast,
In his lair lay gloating and watched the throng
Of sea-folk scurry past.

The Welcome of the Cities—Winnipeg

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Hail, men! Upon my newly-paven streets
I feel the pressure of your eager feet—
The firmly planted feet of marching men
Turned westward to the wheatlands and the mines.
Hail! sons of England from the ancient isles.
Hail! men of Ireland's rainy, purple hills.
Hail! Yankee, ranchman, miner from the West.
Hail! weary peasant shrinking from the knout.

Hail, men! from East or West, howe'er you come,
Bent beneath loads, and knotted with long toil,
Or young and clear-eyed, with out-reaching hands,
I give you welcome from my golden gates;
I give you welcome—welcome unto toil
And freedom and the illimitable sky.

See "Shop Talk by the Editor."

"THEY SNATCHED UP TWO AXES, AND THE CHIRR-CHUNG OF THE STEEL ON GREENWOOD RANG THROUGH THE FOREST."

Sam Macquoid, Lumberjack

By Katherine Hughes

When a riverman can pose like a Greek statue and ride down a slide or "wild spot" on a log; or a hewer split a piece of twine with his broad-axe; or a charotier conquer a fiendish horse without taking up the charotier's heavy whip—that man is a power in any lumber camp. But when one man can do all three and is a straightforward, large-hearted fellow besides—then he is a demi-god under the pines or spruce and his name will likely go down to fame in a ballad of twenty verses.

There are always a few such men, and Sam Macquoid was one of them. Men yet forget their pipes while they talk of him in camps up north.

Macquoid had worked in many camps—east and west—before he settled down in one of Fraser's on the Saskatchewan. His prestige grew there until it was not second even to Fraser's—though that is a name to conjure by in Saskatchewan woods. One year Macquoid came back from Edmonton with his strong head full of new ideas, which came to be spoken of vaguely, though respectfully, as notions. That winter the cards used to lie neglected on the ends of the barrel-tables while men gathered in Macquoid's corner of the sleep-house to talk.

It was no agitation for short hours and high pay that Macquoid was beginning. He wanted a name, he said—a name for the lumberjack to live up to, for they had no name at all among men, unless a bad one. He wanted several things that would help in the lumberjacks' self-raising, but what appealed most to the men were the "Places" he sketched in, where

worn out old lumberjacks with their bones in a tangle from rheumatism could go to whittle sticks and play cards and be happy. Decent places they would be, he said, with a welcome and amusement *go leor* for the young lumberjacks in the summer, and a surety that his money would not slip through his fingers there.

"De places w'ere everyt'ing will go fun—like a Sunday in de camp," the genial rascal Rander summed them up slyly.

But Macquoid was magnetically in earnest.

"Boys," he said once, "upon my honor, I believe most of us are what we are because we see no better and we know no different. Maybe the bosses could help us—only they're too busy looking after their own affairs. But we can do it, boys, and we will. Get it in your heads and join hands around: after that it only needs some of the money that goes in one summer into the bean-dives—where Rander left his last year's money. Eh, Rander?"

Rander — grizzled old sinner — chuckled.

Macquoid had plans worked out: that the men should combine forces, should form themselves into some kind of mutual benefit association to profit their souls as well as their bodies and pockets.

And the men would really listen to Macquoid unfolding his plans—till the serious tension became uncomfortable: then old Bebe Savarin would get his fiddle out of Pat King's trunk, and play four-hand reels until not even the ancients could keep their pipes in their mouths, and the dingy shanty would shake with the frolic.

They were getting out timber for some days that year on a slope behind the Black Giant, three miles from the camp, and they always took their dinner at a road-cutter's camp near the roll-way. Macquoid had a memorable talk with them there one noon-hour.

Some of the things he said that day are on record yet. The talk began between Macquoid and King, the head charotier, and the others lying on the snow around the fire were drawn into it in spite of their pipes and dozing.

But it was impossible for Niblock the skidder to remain serious for any length of time. He had a knack of saying droll things—in the middle of Macquoid's arguments, by choice, and when he began that day, a general chuckle shook the pipes around the fire.

Macquoid knew there was no hope of getting the men serious again, and he turned to his tried old pipe for sympathy. Then two restless young road-cutters who were tired of the pipes and moralizing leaped to their feet with the charotier's musical cry of warning, —"Turn out! Tur-r-rn ou-t!"

They capered like young goats about the men, but no one moved. They raced away then from the fire in a whirl of red sash-ends and supple limbs; plunged down—and up—a gully to the side of the Giant, where some choppers had been at work.

They snatched up two axes, and the chirr-chung of the steel on greenwood rang through the forest. The blood of the young swampers rose at the sound, and they laid themselves out to show their elders how they could fell a tree.

A liner instinctively sauntered over to watch them. It was a pretty sight for a lumberjack's trained eye; there was youth and strength and even grace in full play before him, while the blows fell on the tree with musical measure and sappy yellow chips sprayed out behind the shining axes.

Macquoid's "notions" had too strong a hold upon him to be shaken off by the plague of stock-wit brought on by the skidder's humor. He told King he would go to get his broad-axe and hew the youngsters' stick for them. He walked off slowly, his head down, his hands pushed under his belt; and Niblock looking after him sent a joke around at the big, earnest fellow's expense.

When the notches grew deep in the tree one young swamper stepped back. The big spruce began to totter, and the liner raised his ho-ye-hi.

The tree shivered....clinging to its

stump; then reeled sadly back toward the hill, where a swath of brushwood had been cut to make way for it.

But destiny was afoot in the forest that day and the tree swung out in an unexpected way. It struck a tall fir to the right....thrilled at the shock ....and sprang back. Its plumy top swept the air and the base tugged again at its heart-strings; these tore apart crashing, and the liner saw that the tree was falling directly back from the swath.

"Ho!—ho!—ye!—" he began his cry....The rest was lost as he sprang down the shrubby bank into the gully. The spruce had fallen there—its giant-groan smothering the low cry Sam Macquoid gave when he felt the weight behind the grasping branches.

Men sprang up then from the fire and flung themselves across the hummucks of snow with the speed of white-caps racing in the rapids. They raised the trunk of the tree, while Pat King pulled his friend's body out and supported it against himself where he squatted on the snow.

The awed young swampers slapped Macquoid's limp hands and King rubbed snow on his forehead.

Macquoid shuddered and looked up in surprise.

"Pat, I'm none of your fainting-ladies. Pitch away that snow....I guess I'd best go to camp." And he tried to move, bringing beads of sweat out of his strained features.

"Heh, Sam! How does it go, h'ole man?" Rander asked, kneeling beside him to put balsam-gum in the cut on his temples. "Leg sore—heh?"

"Pretty—partic'lar." Macquoid's mouth was writhing in an attempt to smile.

Then a quiet hand fell on King's shoulder. He looked up, to see the big Indian who blazed the swamp-roads.

"Me—I carry Sam on camp," he was saying.

King looked at the man's strong arms, but shook his head.

"No, you can't—that way; hurt him. And it's three miles."

"No carry—my arms. Like bebe—in swing. See."

He glided down the hill to where the horses stood nosing about in bundles of hay, and came back with the rugs of King's grays. Then he folded them across a couple of birch saplings like an Indian mother making a cradle over ropes, and when it was finished he lifted Macquoid into it with fine care. He put the rear-ends over his shoulders, gave a signal to the young foreman to carry in front, and the two set out silently for the camp.

II.

Some crude surgery was done later in the cook-house when the boss tried to pull Macquoid's broken limb into position. King and Carriboo tore up a gray blanket recklessly to pad a thin strip of board, and then they bound the leg tightly upon it.

There was no revelry in camp that night, and but little talking—unless to wonder how Macquoid had so lost himself that he did not see the tree swing around.

Men were early in their bunks, but not to sleep. Alphonse, the young swamper who felled the tree, looked like an urchin suddenly stricken with an inexplicable ache. He and Pat King agreed to watch with Macquoid in turn.

At ten the clerk of the camp came in from the cook-house with the boss. They were very anxious, for Macquoid's broken limb and the slight cut on his temple were not sufficient reason for his excessive weakness.

A dim light from a swinging lamp fell on Macquoid's face, and when the boss leaned down to the bunk he saw thin streaks of blood on the hewer's lips.

A low cry slipped from him then, but it was a weakness that shamed him, when eager faces peered out of the dark tiers of bunks on every side of the shadowy sleep-house. He showed the blood to the clerk.

"There's something wrong with him inside—God help us!" he said. "If a doctor was here now! He'd know a little, anyway."

A few minutes later King came out of the shadows to them standing by the

"RANDER HAD LIFTED A LEAN ARM HEAVENWARD, WHILE HE DROPPED ON ONE KNEE BESIDE THE BED."

stove, and the three held council. Then King went to the bunk where Rander and the big Indian slept and called them. The two sprang out with the promptness of disciplined men and groped for their socks and mackinaws, while King and the boss went down to the stables. The boss piled hay on the portage-sleigh and King harnessed his wonderful grays to it, for no other team in the Saskatchewan valley had the gray's wise knowing of a dark road.

When Macquoid heard of this, he told them hopelessly of the odd pain in his chest and asked to be left in his bunk to die quietly. The boss laughed at the thought of death for him. King and Carriboo, he said, would take him down to the hospital at Edmonton to be cured; hewers like Sam Macquoid could not be spared in the woods.

When they were carrying Macquoid out of the sleep-house they paused at the door. Macquoid lifted his head a little and looked about him. In every bunk the men were watching. These men and their regard were to Macquoid the measure of earthly friendship. What strength of feeling there was in him had made Fraser's camp his world; he was going out from it then forever.

"Good-bye, lads! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Mac! Take care of yourself."

"We'll nurse the 'Union' till ye come back, Sam. Good-bye!"

Macquoid moaned. No mere physical pain could have brought that to his lips, they knew; and it took their voices from them. Had not the boss himself raised a shanty-cheer—the God-speed of the pinewood-boys—Macquoid would have left a silent camp behind him for the first time in his life. But a long husky cheer rolled out, and the Black Giant took it up and shouted it back again as the stretcher was carried to the sleigh.

"Tell them I never heard its equal," he said to the boss; and he had heard many.

* * *

It was about midnight when they left the camp. The horn of an old moon rising over the Black Giant threw a tender light about Macquoid's poor world.

Rander, lying comfortably on the pile of hay by Macquoid, smoked as they went and told queer bush-stories which no one heard; while King talked to his horses, as he always does when driving.

They came out at Fraser's depot on the Mewassin meadows at two o'clock and stopped to stable their horses and rest Macquoid there. Farmer McClay, a churlish fellow, grumbled a bit about "firing up" at such an hour of the night. That was before he saw the burly hewer carried like a child to the old settle. Afterward he pulled his own armchair up to the stove for Rander, and the old woodsman took it with a sly wink at Macquoid and King, suggesting so much that even the sick man smiled.

There had been no portaging of supplies from Edmonton to the depot that winter, and the road between was unbroken. So there was a twenty-mile tramp before the woodsmen to the railway at Stoney Plain Center. That part of the going had been left to Rander to provide for, and he brought the choice of the camp in the way of snowshoes with him. When they set out Carriboo said he was big like two men, and declined McClay's aid at his end of the litter, but he snatched up the farmer's coonskin coat and threw it over Macquoid. He swung a sack of provisions across his broad back, passed the tump-lines about his forehead, and shouldered the poles, leaving McClay to stand in amaze at his self-conscious strength. McClay had suggested the Saskatchewan flat-sleigh for Macquoid, but Carriboo would not hear of it.

McClay did not go into the bright kitchen for some time. He looked over the white meadows to the hills and talked to himself, though the chore-boy stood beside him.

"Humph! Fallin' weather"; he said; "there's a mist over the hills. The snow will pack well for the shoes to-night, and the lads 'll be glad of that. It's droll ——. Now, when they come back ——"

His face twitched—the flinty McClay's! But it is hard thought to dwell upon, even for a stranger.

He watched the three walking away in the moonlight, till the last click of their snowshoes died out.

"Poor Macquoid! he's a decent fellow. It's hard; but nobody knows ——"

McClay went in then, having stumbled early on the inevitable end of such soliloquies. We say it a hundred times, and feel it once.

The woodsmen passed over the meadows and into a labyrinth of hills, carrying their burden with touching care.

"Well, Sam; how does she go now? H'easy? Not sore?" Rander used to ask occasionally.

"It goes smooth as a log on still water, Rander," Macquoid told him once, and laughed with fine art.

Rander was satisfied with this, but King had the cunning to know Macquoid's art.

When the dawn began to whiten the east Macquoid asked King to turn him to the light. They turned softly on a smooth stretch of snow, with a prescient shadow of thought that when they should see that circle of snowshoe tracks again the unguarded woodsman's heart in them fell in speechless misery before the stroke. When they had turned King saw more frothy blood about the hewer's face. He wiped it away with the caressing touch of a woman. Yet he was an awkward fellow whose big hands were calloused from grasping the lines and the pike-pole.

At McBride's abandoned Half-way House they stopped to take breakfast. While Carriboo made the tea King and Rander tried to cheer up Macquoid, but the white hopelessness of his face choked back their wit.

Rander went out of the cabin, and while King stayed Macquoid said hurriedly.

"You will try to keep the boys in mind of what we planned, Pat. You'll make them hold to it; eh?"

"I will, Sam. I'll do my best until you come back." But he was looking over at Carriboo's fire blazing on the old combuse, instead of at Macquoid's wistful eyes.

"So you won't believe it yet, Pat. Well, we'll see," the other said.

Just as a snow-storm began to shake out its wings for a mad flight over the hills they reached Stoney Plain Center. It was noon and half-an-hour before the express was due.

After a lunch Rander took the sack from Carriboo, said bon-jour quickly and left for the camp.

It was the "last spirit" in camp, before the snow melted, and Macquoid had induced the old man to take King's grays back to the two-sleighs and fill his own place in the hewing-gang. Rander went—to please Macquoid, but he felt like a loup-garou, he said complaining to King, "cut off from every peop'l."

III.

That afternoon at Edmonton men saw a strange procession go up to the hospital—King and Carriboo still carrying Macquoid on the quaint hammock and a score of wide-eyed youngsters at their heels. They would have nothing to do with an ambulance. The doctor was called in and made a diagnosis of the new case.

"A broken femur; fractured ribs—with laceration of the lung tissue," he said briskly. Then because he was in a hurry and thought the big lumberjack would have to know it soon anyway, he blurted further,

"No hope, of course. Beastly shame that they jogged him all this way for nothing. The pain must have been excruciating. But those fellows are most confoundedly stupid."

He turned to give instructions to the Sister; then would have gone, still abusing the woodsmen, but that Macquoid plucked at his elbow.

"Doctor, don't you say anything to them men out there about that trip hurting me. You'll mind what I say. It wasn't your pain."

The doctor looked at him again.

"But it did hurt some, didn't it?"

"I'm not saying it did," Macquoid answered shortly, and then turned to

the Sister gently enough—"Now, I want to go to sleep, ma'am."

King and Carriboo before leaving the hospital to get a supper in the town arranged to return to Macquoid. They knew definitely now that he was dying.

When they came up the narrow street again in the dusk they saw a dark bundle in the doorway. They came nearer and King swayed back like a falling pine.

All day his mind had been shadowed by a sense of the mysterious, and the simple superstitions of the bush told him this was Rander's wraith that sat there leaning against the snowshoes.

The wraith remained motionless, until a chuckle at King's side roused it and brought the tall charotier to his senses.

"My God! Is it Rander?"

Rander, sitting in a rabbit's sleep, became perfectly awake at the sound of King's voice. He straightened the pipe between his lips and waited to hear more.

"Michel!"

"Oui; Michel." He nodded assent gravely.

"You came back, for all we said—and the boss wanting you!"

"Yes, I come back. I pass on de Half-way Place. W'en I am dere, me—I say, 'De boss an' de team will go—Sout,' an' h'ole Rander will go for be wit' Sam Macquoid.' Le bon Dieu sen' another verra longue cars to stop at de Center station.....Just at once I arrive, an' I come down on de empty car. Dat's verra good. Heh?"

He talked quickly without looking up at his friends. When he did look he saw their great frames shaken with quiet mirth. Rander laughed too, with some relief. They had taken his truancy easily.

Carriboo eyed the snowshoes behind Rander; their thongs were caked about with wet snow.

"Big walk, Michel," he said warmly. "Heavy on de usamuk too." Rander grinned with just a little pride.

"Sam—he's live yet?" he asked King while they waited at the door, and inside the porch he dropped his shoes and pack hastily, wriggling out of the tump-lines like a snake. Then he followed King eagerly until they came to the screen that was about Macquoid's bed, and he stood gazing sheepishly at the dying hewer.

Macquoid's weak eyes fell on the old man—bright-eyed, unkempt; and he laughed with a faint return of boyish delight.

"Rander!"

"Oui; h'ole Rander. Who never do what is tole him. You feel good to see Rander; eh, Sam? You laugh? C'est ben bon."

The Sister who had been with Macquoid gave her place to King. He sat at the head of the bed and wiped away the blood that frothed up from the lacerated lung. It was then Macquoid pulled a paper from under his pillow and gave it to King.

"Here's a paper for Fraser—the Sister wrote it. He will give to the three of you all my wages for this year..... But I do not give it to go into the bean-dives. Listen! You will bury me first; then keep—"

"We don't want it, Sam. Give it to the Sisters, or—or—"

"No. You must take it—and make good use of it." His eyes spoke more forcibly than his words: strong, honest eyes that were blue and gray by turns. "You must work together—for the right."

Rander squirmed uneasily in his chair. Carriboo looked pleased. Pat King's face was painfully red and his eyes were wet.

At last Rander spoke.

"Sam, Sam, you see it is longue tam since I doan' know to spend ma monie well. You let me h'off: I will give it to de Sisters. Dey can use it for de little les petit orphelins."

Macquoid's voice was growing weaker, they noticed when he spoke.

"No; keep it yourself and use it well. Pat, *you* will give me your word?"

"Yes, Mac—since you want it that way."

"And you, Carriboo?"

"Yes, Sam. Geget."

"Now, Rander—and you?"

A glow of dingy red flannel struck their eyes. Rander had lifted a lean arm heavenward, while he dropped on one knee beside the bed.

"Ben; I will den, Sam, an' t'anks for me. An' you will tell dem up dere dat h'ole Rander, de *vilain* is goin' try to be a new man—juste all along of Sam Macquoid, w'at he ask."

Macquoid's eyes warmed behind the mists of death when he heard, and the Recording Angel turned gladly to make a pleasant entry on the pages devoted to a *vilain* old shanty boy.

* * * * * * * * *

This is just as it happened. I know it all sounds like a revival leaflet—at one hundred for two York shillings—but such things do occur occasionally outside of tracts. And Rander *is* a new man, though there is a fine twinkle in his eyes when he tells quaint tales of the old one.

The Construction Gang

By James P. Haverson

We're buildin' of a railroad 'cross a land
Where ye could lose an England every day.
There ain't no bloomin' banners with the troop,
An' all the battle cry we've got is "Pay!"

There ain't no special manual to learn,
There ain't no bloomin' form to our parade
An' all the bloomin' arms we 'ave to use
Is just the regulation pick an' spade.

There ain't no bloomin' hours that we 'ave got,
Unless ye take from daylight until night,
An' then there's mostly overtime as well
Which you would 'ave to count to get it right.

There ain't no special duty we must do,
We never 'ave no time to stand at ease;
But all the livin' day we work an' sweat
Until it's fallin' dark, an' then we freeze.

There ain't no bloomin' band to cheer us on,
There ain't no reg'lar uniform we wears,
There ain't no special orders to obey
Except to mind the foreman when he swears.

Ye'll never get no medals in this war,
Ye'll never get no pension when retired.
Ye've only got to work until ye drop;
The boss turns in yer time—an' then ye're fired.

The Wheat Lands of Western Canada

By Edward E. Higgins

President of Success Magazine

This is a business story.

It is the story of an opportunity—the last of its kind on the American continent, if not in the world—an opportunity so exceptional, so remarkable, so fraught with the promise of honestly gained wealth to the humblest worker with the spark of ambition in his breast—that it would be almost a crime not to spread the knowledge of it broadcast throughout the land.

In the great Dominion of Canada, stretching 3,000 miles east and west, and covering an area of 3,750,000 square miles, there lies a little bottle-shaped tract of the richest, wheat-growing, virgin prairie, less than 100,000 square miles in extent. It is bounded on the south by our own great wheat-growing states of Montana and Dakota, on the west by the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, on the north by the vast, dark forests of the old Hudson's Bay trappers, and on the east at the neck of the bottle by—

Winnipeg.

Into this rich "promised land," westward through the Winnipeg gateway from Eastern Canada and Europe, and northward over the border lines from "the States," are already pouring thousands upon thousands of sturdy, bright-faced, well-clad Americans, Canadians, and Englishmen, with other thousands of Continental immigrants who have been wont, hitherto, to regard the United States as their final home. Out of this land, eastward through Winnipeg to the Great Lakes, is rushing as constantly increasing a torrent of rich, golden grain as the railroads, already overwhelmed with their sudden prosperity, can transport. Into it again, still through the ever necessary Winnipeg, the return freight cars are hurrying rails, ties, ballasting materials, and laborers for the thousands of miles of railroad main line and branches, which are to open up still further the new country, doubling and trebling, so it is believed, the land values of to-day. All of a sudden—in barely three years past—has this great surge of settlement come, invited and promoted by as perfect, as far-reaching, and as wonderful an international organization of education as was ever created by Government and railroad in co-operation. Almost like our own well-remembered and hardly more picturesque race for the newly opened lands of Oklahoma, has come, of late, this rush for the rich Canadian prairie lands, which are believed to exceed in fertility the vast wheat-growing fields of the United States.

And the object of this business story is to give in clear, concise form the results of a personal search on the ground for the truth of the marvelous stories which have come across the border to us and to find if there is a substantial basis for the dreams of wealth which have disturbed our western farmers.

This is the truth.

Take, first, the able-bodied man with nothing in the world but the clothes on his back, a railroad ticket to Winnipeg in his pocket, and $50 for early needs. He can find immediate and continuous employment in Western Canada at from $20 to $40 per month and board, according to his ability and mental equipment. His wife, if she is willing to work "at service," will be even more readily "snapped up" at wages almost equalling the husband's; for the one great and urgent cry of Western Canada is for farm and domestic help of all kinds.

In his first year of service for wages, the man, ambitious for his own home and a competence, will "spy out the land," select a homestead, pay a $10 fee for entry, and enter upon possession. He will break and sow to wheat in the spring a part of his land, and, after this is done, will again sell his labor for wages to neighboring farmers. He will hire his harvesting and threshing, done at so much per bushel of "finished product," meanwhile earning himself, during the harvesting period when "hands" are in great demand, $50 to $60 per month and board. So he will gradually build up his fortune till, in the course of three or four years, he fulfils the easy conditions of the Homestead Act, perfects his title from the Crown, and comes into complete ownership in fee simple of his 160-acre farm.

TABLE I. A 160-ACRE HOMESTEAD.

INVESTMENT:		
Cost of land (entry fee)		$ 10.00
" " breaking land and removing stones, 144 acres @ $4		576.00
" " buildings		1,000.00
" " stock:		
4 horses @ $200	$800.	
cow and pigs ...	100.	900.00
" " farm implements:		
1 wheel plow	55.	
1 drag harrow.	30.	
1 disk harrow	55.	
1 large drill.	125.	
1 8 ft. harvester.	175.	
1 mowing machine	55.	
1 rake	35.	
1 wagon	80.	
harnesses.	65.	
miscellaneous tools	25.	700.00
Total investment		$3,186.00
WORKING EXPENSES:		
Seed @ $1. per acre		$ 144.00
Labor:		
Owner's time as superintendent.	$360	
Help—2 men in fall, cutting and stacking from Aug. 25 to Oct. 10, @ $50 per month	150.	510.00
Threshing, 3,168 bushels:		
1,000 in stack @ .06.	114.	
1,266 in stook @ .08.	101.	215.00
Twine at .25 per acre		36.00
Feed for stock.		189.00
Board for owner and help at $15 month		225.00
Veterinary and depreciation of stock 15% on $900		135.00
Repairs and depreciation of machinery 15% on $700		105.00
Taxes @ .08 per acre		13.00
Insurance on buildings		7.00
Total working expenses.		1,579.00
GROSS AND NET EARNINGS:		
3,163 bushels of wheat @ .60		1,901.00
Deduct working expenses...		1,579.00
Net annual profit ...		$322.00

Let us now consider the man who has more than a railway ticket and fifty dollars—the man who has sold his Montana farm and moves with his family to the new Canadian country with, say, $3,000 available for investment. He can work faster than his poorer brother and, choosing his land and making his homestead entry, he proceeds immediately to business. Deciding to bring his land at once into full productiveness, he enters into a contract to have ninety per cent. (141 acres) of his entire farm "broken" and the stones removed, reserving the other ten per cent. for home buildings and pasturage. He throws up a small house and barn, designed with a view to extension in later years. He buys stock and farm implements and plants his crop. His first harvest is naturally not so good as the later ones when his land comes under more perfect cultivation, but *on an average*, his financial proposition might readily be about as is shown in Table I, counting in all items which should be included in finding the true profits of such a business venture.

If his land is fairly free from stones, or if he removes them himself, his "breaking" contract will be made at $3.50 per acre instead of $4. If he chooses to break the land himself he can do so at much smaller expense in about two months, but may miss his first crop. If he has no family and is willing to "rough it," his buildings will cost him hardly half the $1,000 allowed.

Table I shows that one homesteader has earned for himself—if prices and results are correct, and of these we shall speak presently—$1.00 a day and his board, and a return, in addition, of exactly ten per cent. per annum upon his capital investment, after providing liberally for depreciation of his stock and tools.

But this is not all. If American farming experience can be applied here, land which will produce such returns is worth from $40 to $75 per acre, and, with railroad networks building rapidly through this grain producing land of Canada, such land values seem a certainty of the near future. In five years' time, perhaps, our farmer can, if he chooses, realize on his investment about as follows:

SELLING VALUES:

160 acres of land and buildings @ $50 per acre	$8,000.00
Stock and tools (original value maintained by annual depreciation charge)	1,600.00
Total selling value	9,600.00
Original investment	3,186.00
Selling profit	$6,414.00

Thus in addition to his working profits of ten per cent. per annum, he may *hope* at least for a selling profit of 200 per cent. on the original investment —or, putting it another way, he may regard himself as worth $9,600, plus $1,600 of annual savings, instead of as originally, $3,200.

Of course in actual practice, our homesteader would make some savings in the expenses assumed above, and would do some things differently from the ways assumed. He would probably make his 16 acres of land, reserved for buildings and pasture, produce, by gardening, the most of his food and enough profit for clothes. He will have more cows, pigs, and chickens. and will produce enough from them to take care of his family, if he has one. He will have plenty of time for such home garden work, for, from May to September, he will have little to do in his grain fields but watch the growing crops. He will raise his own hay and fodder for stock instead of paying out good money for them—or, better still, if he is near Government or railroad lands, he will crop the prairie grass from such unoccupied lands at no charge, or a nominal one. In the late fall and winter he will extend and improve his buildings with his own labor and, if he is handy with tools, will turn out of his home carpenter's shop many a piece of furniture or home-making comfort.

"Ah ! yes, but 22 bushels to the acre and 60 cents per bushel! How do we know that such remarkable results are possible? Are they not greatly in excess of the product on the other side of the boundary line?"

Well, the last question can't be answered, for, curiously enough, neither Government nor farmer in the United States knows the average yield per acre of American wheat-growing farms, while, on the contrary, the Dominion Government knows its own yield by provinces and sections accurately and for many years past. By the simple process of requiring, under penalty, every thresher to report the quantity of grain threshed by him, and by accurately kept acreage statistics, the Dominion Government is able to *prove* its statements of average crops per acre in different sections for from ten to fifteen years past—and these figures furnish a basis for reasonable expectation in the business of farming unequaled, perhaps, by any other business. The farmer in any district, who farms with reasonable intelligence, can be practically certain to reach at least the *average* result of a term of years; and he has good reason to hope for one larger than the *average* if he has chosen his land wisely and cultivates it carefully.

The entire wheat-growing lands of the province of Saskatchewan produced 26,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1905, and 37,000,000 in 1906, an average per acre of 23.09 bushels in 1905 and 21.40 in 1906. The average of the last nine years was 20.28 bushels, with but one year, 1900, producing less than 17.30 bushels. The one exceptional year, when 9 bushels only were produced, was a "drought year" and prices per bushel were almost high enough to make up for the poor crop.

In the Moose Jaw District, which is one of the largest of the wheat-raising districts of Saskatchewan, and the one in which the farming experience reflected in the figures of this paper was investigated, the wheat crops of 1905

averaged 27.56 bushels per acre and of 1906, 24.30 bushels, while the seven years' average was 20.96 bushels.

These averages, however, were produced by a combination of good farming and poor; and actual productions of 30, 35, and 40 bushels per acre are said to be not uncommon on the older and richer farm lands, particularly where "summer-fallowing" of about one fifth of the land each year is adopted as a policy.

As to prices, these have ranged, at the local elevators, from 50 cents to $1.10 per bushel in the last ten years, the price rarely falling below 60 cents and usually being above. At present (April, 1907), for example, the price paid to farmers at the Moose Jaw elevators is 65½ cents. An average price in a five-year period of 60 cents per bushel is probably conservative.

TABLE II. A 640-ACRE FARM.

INVESTMENT:		
Cost of wild land, @ $15 per acre		$ 9,600.00
" " breaking land and removing stones, 576 acres @ $4		2,304.00
" " buildings, including granaries		2,500.00
" " stock		
12 horses @ $200	$2,400	
2 cows @ $50.	100	
Pigs, chickens, etc.	100	
		26,000.00
" " farm implements:		
2 gang plows	$ 220	
2 drag harrows	60	
2 disc harrows	110	
3 large drills	375	
3 8 ft. harvesters	525	
1 fanning mill	30	
1 mowing machine	55	
1 rake	35	
4 wagons	320	
harnesses	195	
miscellaneous tools	75	2,000.00
Total investment		$19,004.00
WORKING EXPENSES:		
Seed at $1 per acre		$ 576.00
Labor:		
Owner's time as superintendent		500.00
2 men, 7 mos. @ $32.50		455.00
1 man, 5 mos. @ $20.00		100.00
6 extra men in harvest, 1½ mos. @ $50.00		450.00
1 housekeeper for 7 mos @ $20		140.00
Threshing 12,670 bushels @.07		887.00
Twine at .25 per acre		144.00
Feed for horses		567.00
Board for owner and help, 47 mos. @ $10.00		470.00
Veterinary, repairs and depreciation of stock and machinery, 15% on $4,600		690.00
Taxes, .08 per acre		51.00
Insurance		17.00
Total working expenses		$5,047.00
GROSS AND NET EARNINGS:		
12,670 bushels @ .60		$7,602.00
Deduct working expenses		5,047.00
Net annual profit		$2,555.00

Let us next consider, somewhat more rapidly, the business proposition of Canadian wheat farming as it presents itself to the larger capitalist farmer; first, to the man who is prepared to purchase and work a complete section of 640 acres; and, second, to the man, or group of men, who desires to operate a five section, 3,200 acre farm, a farming unit which will justify the purchase and use of heavy steam plowing and threshing machinery.

The investment account shown in Table II is perhaps somewhat too liberal. In practice, the farmer would probably homestead a quarter section, and purchase the adjoining three quarter-sections, either from other homesteaders or from the railroads. He can now buy Hudson's Bay sections at $12 per acre, railroad land at $12 to $15, and, possibly, school section lands at similar prices. But prices are rapidly advancing, and the best lands are held firmly at $15 per acre or more, when $6 to $8 only would have been asked two years ago. Bargains can be picked up in many places from speculators who have been carrying too heavy loads, and the lands can always be purchased for comparatively small amounts down and balance in five and ten-year annual payments.

We see that our farmer has received for his labor $500 and board, and his money is earning for him, in addition, about thirteen and one half per cent. per annum upon his investments. If, in five years, he decides to sell out at

$50 per acre, the price previously assumed, he will earn additional profits as follows:

640 acres of land with buildings @ $50	$32,000.00
Stock and tools (original value maintained by annual depreciation charge)	4,600.00
Total selling value	$36,600.00
Original investment	19,004.00
Selling Profit	$17,596.00

or over ninety per cent. additional profit on the investment.

It is worth while to point out here, that our farmer can halve his investment and more than double his *percentage* profits by borrowing at six or even eight per cent, half his required capital.

For example, instead of investing $19,000, he invests $9,500 of his own capital and borrows $9,500 besides, at, say, eight per cent., the ruling rate for loans in Western Canada. His profit and loss acount for a five-year period on the above assumptions will be as follows:

Annual profits, $2,555 per year for 5 years	$12,775.00
Selling profit	17,600.00
Gross profit	$30,375.00
Deduct 8% interest for 5 years on $9,500	3,800.00
Net profit	$26,575.00

This is equivalent to the return of his original capital and almost three hundred per cent of profits, and his wealth has grown in the five year period from $9,500 to $36,000.

Let us turn now to the "large farm" —the 3,200 acre proposition. We will assume the same cost of land, $15 per acre, but a smaller charge, $3 per acre, for breaking, since this is a "wholesale" operation, and such a price can easily be obtained on contract. A farm unit of this size will easily support a full set of heavy farm machinery.

The investment and profit and loss accounts should be as shown in Table III.

This larger farm operation results, as shown, in a net annual operating profit equivalent to 23½ per cent. upon the investment. If the owner wishes to reduce investment account he can easily arrange a permanent mortgage loan from some one of the loan companies now operating in Western Canada, and obtain money at 8 per cent. to the extent of $8 to $10 per acre. Or, in buying his land originally, he could pay for it about one-sixth down and the remainder in from six to ten annual instalments. The annual profit of $20,000 would take care of a fixed charge of $2,800 (equivalent to 8 per cent. upon a $35,000 mortgage, and leave an annual return of nearlv thirty-five per cent. upon the $50,000 of actual owner's capital invested—in addition to which, of course, he would receive his $1,500 salary, with board and lodging.

TABLE III. A.—3,200-ACRE FARM.

INVESTMENT:		
Cost of land, 3,200 acres, @ $15		$48,000
" " breaking (90 per ct.) 2,880 acres, @ $3		8,640
" " buildings, including granaries		6,000
" " stock, 45 horses @ $150, cows, pigs, chickens, etc.		7,000
" " machinery and implements:		
30 h. p. engine	$2,800	
tender	250	
3 four-plow gangs	600	
chains and extras	100	
8 sulky gang plows	600	
10 disc harrows	500	
7 drag harrows	175	
10 large drills	1,150	
11 harvesters	1,760	
threshing and fanning mill	1,350	
1 mowing machine	55	
1 horse rake	35	
15 wagons	1,200	
8 grain racks	96	
2 tanks	50	
2 pumps and hose	40	
harnesses	700	
miscellaneous tools	225	$11,686
Working capital		$ 3,674
Total investment		$85,000
WORKING EXPENSES:		
Seed, @ $1.00 per acre		$ 2,880
Labor:		
Owner or superintendent	$1,500	
12 men 7 mos., @ $32.50	2,730	
3 men, 5 mos., @ $15	225	
Engineer, 4 mos., @ $85	340	
Fireman, 4 mos., @ $40	160	
2 helpers, 4 mos. @ $32.50	260	
22 harvesters, 45 days, @ $50 @	1,650	

One cook, 7 mos., .. $50.	350	
One cook, 5 mos., @ $25.	125	$7,340
Board of all employees, @ $10 per month		1,620
Feed for horses		1,700
Twine, @ 25c. per acre		720
Threshing sundries		200
Veterinary depreciation and repairs, on stock and machinery 15 % on $18,700		2,805
Taxes and insurance		300
Miscellaneous expenses		435
Total working expenses		$18,000
GROSS AND NET EARNINGS:		
Gross earnings, 2,880 acres, @ $13.20		$38,016
Deduct working expenses		18,000
Net annual operating profit		$20,016

Should he sell his farm in five years, at the same assumed value as before, his five years' profit and loss account would look about as follows:

Selling price of farm and buildings at $50 per acre	$160,000
Selling price of stock and machinery (original value maintained by depreciation charge)	18,686
Total selling price	$176,686
Deduct for cancellation of mortgage	35,000
Net profit on sale	$141,688

His selling profit would, therefore, return his original investment, $50,000 and $92,000 besides, equivalent to 184 per cent. on that investment, or 37 per cent. per annum. Adding this selling profit to the annual operating profit, we find that our farmer has made over seventy per cent. per annum on his invested capital.

Such figures seem unreasonable, fanciful, impossible, perhaps. True it is that contingencies may arise and unforseen troubles may come to prevent their achievement in any particular case, but the law and experience of *average* yields is hard to overcome, and it seems certain that such results are *possible* at least. In Western Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan one of the oldest wheat farmers claims an average annual crop of forty bushels to the acre, and another a mixed crop yielding $18 per acre.

Not a few groups or "syndicates" of young men have already been formed in New York, Chicago, and other American cities for purchasing and operating Canadian farms. In actual practice such a farming operation as is described above, will require a master farmer of high intelligence, experience, and ability, and while the $1,500 allotted for his salary may be sufficient for the first year, the opportunities offered to him for engaging in farming on his own account with larger profit are such that in order to keep him, it will be doubtless necessary to give him some interest in the business beyond such a salary, and this can well be afforded if the profits in the operation as described above can be realized.

The question "Does wheat farming pay in Western Canada?" must be answered distinctly in the affirmative. So far as is known, the Canadian lands exceed, in wheat producing fertility, the American wheat lands, and Canada is certain to be one of the greatest grain producing countries of the world The province of Saskatchewan alone produced 61,000,000 bushels of wheat and oats in 1906—an increase of 15,000,000 bushels over the previous year, and ten times as much as it produced in 1898. Almost all the good wheat land near existing railways available for homesteading has been taken up, but there is yet a substantial amount at distances of from seventy to one hundred miles from present railways, which can be obtained from the Government. And the amount of new railway mileage projected in this farming district is so great that it is certain that all parts of it will be put in touch with the outside world during the next five years. The Canadian Pacific Railway, the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the Canadian Northern Railway are all building rapidly in this section in free competition with each other, and the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railroads have received from the Canadian Government vast grants of the most valuable land, which are available for purchase on "easy terms." This great in-rush of settlers, and the rapid increase in the crops have produced a condition almost of congestion in Western Canada—a condition which can perhaps be best described by the

statement that a million dollars' worth of business is being done on a half-million dollar transportation and business machinery. Railroad facilities are taxed to their utmost. Last year's grain crop has not yet been completely moved out of the country, and it is said that the 1907 grain crop will not be wholly moved until the 1908 crop is ready. These conditions are being remedied, however, with all the foresight, ability, and immense resources of some of the greatest and most progressive railway systems in the world, and if sufficient labor can be obtained there is no question that a vast amount of new mileage will be laid in this territory within the next two years.

FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. CRAIG

After-Song

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

They say that Love is kind.
Perhaps—it may be so.
I have but seen his pain,
And do not know.

I have but bared my heart,
And felt his sting;
I have but wept with Love,
And cannot sing.

The gentleness of Love
I cannot find:
Love's only kindness is
That he is blind.

Sanderson of the Frontier—The Pioneer's Tale

By Edward Angus

Some good angel must have been guiding my wandering feet when they found the farmhouse of Sanford Sanderson. An observing person would guess by his glance, quick and keen, that he had knocked about, by his unflinching gaze that he knew things, by the furrows in his youthful forehead that he had suffered, and by his silence that he had a story. I had seen Sanderson once before, but he had not seen me. From my seat on the back of a calm-eyed cayuse I got a glimpse of him riding a raft, laden with lignite, down the South Saskatchewan. I thought as I saw him shooting a rapid and poling his raft round a sand bar that he was having more fun and more room than any other man in America. .

He was captain of his ship and no mistake, for there was not another soul in sight. From my saddle I saw only an endless reach of wild land, broken here and there by bluffs or trees, save to the northeast where the Eagle Hills humped dark on the distant horizon. Immediately in front of me the great Saskatchewan chiseled a deep furrow in the face of the earth a hundred feet deep and half a mile wide. Beyond the river there was more of this unstaked empire, sleeping sweetly in the sun.

That was in the early summer when the warm Chinook was sighing, and the birds were brooding in the bluffs, and wild duck were nesting in the marshy margins of a million lakes. It was early autumn when the half-breed boy who was engineering the buckboard from which I was seeing the Saskatchewan, turned in for the night at Sanford Sanderson's. By the time Sanford had sauntered down from the house to the stables the half-breed had the horses unhooked. Sanford gave us a warm, wordless sort of welcome that can be fully appreciated only after you have come to know Sanderson.

We had home-made bread, fresh butter and buttermilk for supper that night, and we had wild chicken broiled for breakfast. At the request of our host I consented to stop over for a few days' shooting. It was during those days in the field and the evenings at his home that I got from Sanderson, by absorption, one might say, the story of his life. Little by little he let me hear it, hardly realizing that he was telling it at all. Now, as one picks up the scraps of a letter that has been torn and tossed to the wind, I piece it out, for it is a typical tale of pioneering in the Canadian West.

"My grandfather," said Sanderson, "came to this country, or rather to the United States, a young man with considerable money. He seemed to have a fondness for pioneering, for he went at once into the wilds of Minnesota. He helped to settle the northend district and having a little cash, gathered a goodly fortune in a very short time. When the Sioux came and killed him and his household, sparing only his only son, he died the richest man in Minnesota, at least that is what my father used to tell me. Ultimately, the Sioux were driven over into Canada. My father, who had been carried away, was released at the suggestion of the Northwest Mounted Police, and found his way back to the scene of the massacre.

"After much difficulty he established his identity and got possession of the lands and other property left by his

father. My father was now 20 years old, ignorant, but handsome and rich for his day. Upon the advice of an old friend of the family the boy devoted two years to study, having had in his early youth only such education as was to be acquired at that time by boys in a frontier town. At the age of twenty-two he came into full possession of his property.

"Many opportunities were open to him, but the scenes of his boyhood so haunted him that he determined to sell out and go west. South Dakota was just then beginning to rise, yawn and stretch herself, and so, having inherited his father's love for the front, he moved to South Dakota. At 30 he was president of a bank. About that time he met and married my mother who had come out to Minnesota to teach school. Our house, as I remember it, was the finest in the town, and we usually had company, people coming up from Minneapolis and St. Paul to visit. I had finished in the high school and was going to the Chicago University when Lena Swinson came to our house as parlor maid. Up to that time I have no recollection of having seen a girl who held my attention for ten seconds. But when I saw Lena I looked right at her and she looked right at me. I took off my hat, and bowed instinctively, and Lena blushed. My mother saw all this and called sharply to me, stamping her foot. My mother was born in Boston.

"Lena lived at our house a whole month. That was the sunniest month I had ever known, though I never saw her eyes in all that time, at least not as I had seen them at the moment of our first meeting. Of course, I was not 'notified' when Lena got her notice. I came home one evening and found a new parlor maid. I was foolish enough to ask at dinner what had become of Lena. Between the frowns of my father and the sharp, dark glances of my mother, I gathered that it was not my business. I knew no rest that night. For days I walked and walked, searching the world for Lena. It seemed to me I could hear her calling, could see her great blue eyes accusing me, for I felt that it had been all my fault. A week went by with this great sorrow tugging at my heart.

"One day at dusk as I stumbled through the little park, called the Public Square, I came suddenly upon Lena resting on a rustic bench, one hand on the handle of a baby carriage that she was trundling back and forth, back and forth, on the gravel walk. I sprang to her side, impulsively dropping to the seat. She got to her feet and stood trembling like a frightened fawn. I spoke to her and she urged me to leave her, which, as I was young and honest, only maddened me.

"Presently, when she had become calmer, she told me that she had found a good place as nurse in the house of Mr. Blank, the man who ran the state bank. Naturally, being jealous of my father, whose bank was a national bank, he had conceived a dislike for me. It seems the gossip of the town had already linked my name with Lena's, so her new mistress had taken the precaution to warn her that I was not to see her while she made her home at that number. And that was the cause of her trembling at the sound of my footsteps.

"When I pressed her she told me that she would lose her place if seen with me. 'Lose your place,' I repeated, with all the unreasonableness of a boy in love. 'I'd lose my life for you.'

"Then I saw her pretty chin tremble, tears started from her big, bewildering eyes and turning quickly she hurried home with the banker's baby, while I, from the park bench, watched her until her slender figure faded in the shadows of the shrubs that surrounded the big frame house in which she lived.

"It would take too long to tell you all that passed that summer, of the many meetings, at first by accident, but later by appointment, until she seemed to me the fairest, the best, the most abused young woman in the world. Finally, one day, I took my mother to my heart, as she had taken me so many times in my childish troubles, and told

her the story of Lena and our love. She listened calmly, kissed me coldly, and promised to speak to my father.

"The next day I was called to my father's private office. He talked to me methodically of stocks and bonds, of lands and large interests in trolleys and town lots, and then came to the point. It was the old story. I must make my choice. Upon the one hand there was home and my heritage, on the other Lena and our love. Being blind, young and rash, I walked out.

"Of course, when Mr. Blank learned that I had been disinherited he was ready to be my rich uncle. The Blanks gave us a great wedding, and if we may judge by the presents and other plaudits, not all the people in the place took the view of my father. And when, as we were leaving, Mrs. Blank kissed Lena and cried, I was happy. A woman can kiss another in cold blood, but when they cry there is something back of it that counts for more than a kiss.

"Lena and I lived on a homestead, far from the railroad, until our baby was born. Then the railroad came to disturb our peace. I sold the South Dakota place and came up into Canada. I bought a quarter section on Portage Plains for five dollars an acre and paid for the land with my first crop. Having learned that the new Grand Trunk Pacific trans-continental railway line lay across my quarter, I sold out for seven dollars an acre. I had several thousand dollars more money now than I had carried into Canada, some good horses and a few blooded cattle. I did not realize at that time, but I know now, that I had in my blood the pioneer microbe, that had made my father and his father fight always for the front.

"I asked Lena if she wanted to go back to South Dakota; it seemed so lonely for a woman away out on the silent plain. She smiled as sweetly as ever and said, 'Sanford, I just want to go where you go.'

"One day at the depot I met an old neighbor of mine from the south, bound for the section north of Regina. There was a great movement on.

"I went back to my temporary home and looked over the map, and when I saw how far I was behind the settlement, I told Lena to pack up and we took the next train for the front. I had the good fortune to find a man who had a homesick wife on his hands, and the memory of a bad crop on his mind, and he sold a half section all ready to seed for six dollars an acre. I bought the other half of the same section in the wild, all but eighty, for four dollars. A foolish man had squatted on one of these quarters for a homestead, but when the big land company showed him his mistake, he moved. I paid him for breaking the eighty acres he had prepared to plant in wheat and had him for a neighbor on a homestead he could hold.

"Here, again, I was in great luck, for this was the summer of 1902, when Western Canada won the admiration of the world by producing nearly 118,000,000 bushels of grain with less than 4,000,000 acres under crop. That was a happy summer for Lena and me and the baby. Once the last grain was in the ground, we had only to loaf round and watch it grow, as a multi-millionaire listens to the multiplication of his accumulated cash. As the swaying sea changed from green to gold, I saw my little fortune swelling from a single thousand still in the bank, to ten times that amount, barring hailstorms that come seldom in this section and cyclones that come not at all.

"I confess that I lay down at night with a feeling of dread lest the day might dawn on desolation, especially when the sun had gone down behind a black cloud. But, always, when the next day dawned, I could see my sea of gold, glowing in the morning sun, and repeat what the poet said: 'God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world.'

"You know how at sea sometimes you lay awake wondering if the next roll will be the last, listen to the wash of waves that beat upon your barque, and finally fall asleep in spite of yourself. Then when you awake at dawn and find to your surprise that you are

still afloat, you feel grateful to the Master who mans the ship and the sea. From day to day you gain confidence and in time the terror of the sea passes. By and by, the element of danger, the risk, you find only adds to the interest of the voyage. The professional gambler, whether in Wall Street or at the small green table in a frontier town, gambles because it fascinates him as surely as he gambles for gain, and that is one reason why wheat growing is so interesting and that is why men plant wheat to the exclusion of other profitable crops—because of its element of chance. It took me but two seasons to see that. Why, we used to sit on the porch for hours when a storm was gathering at night, watching the slowly shifting clouds. Then Lena would put the baby to bed and come and sit with me again until the storm broke or passed, or we were too sleepy to watch longer.

"Then would come another day, another sixteen hours of sunshine, until at last the gold of the grain field matched the gold in the west when the long day died. It is not only interesting, it is really wonderful to watch the emerald sea springing from the sod, ripening to grain to be ground to flour and made into bread that will feed millions of men.

"So, as I said before, we are all gamblers. It is only a question of degree and the relative respectability of the bank we buck. I gambled when I planted that 400 acres to wheat. I won, and my late neighbor is at this moment preparing four thousand acres for crop. If I had lost, perhaps he would not have risked so much, but I won, threshing out 16,880 bushels, for which I received $13,504.

"That half section attracted as much attention as the winner in a selling race. I had scarcely sold my last load of wheat, when a Minnesota man came and tempted me with an offer of ten dollars an acre. It was a foolish thing to do, but I took the money. The place was becoming altogether too civilized, and to add to my troubles the locating engineers were setting stakes along my north line. I shall long remember how we sat down, Lena and I, to figure up our fortune. After paying for seed and seeding, for some new building, for reaping, threshing and marketing my grain, I had to the credit of this account $11,740. The profit on the land transaction brought the total up to $13,941. Against this I suffered a loss of $331 on implements bought and sold, leaving a net profit for my summer's watching of $13,610.

"I asked Lena again if she wanted to go home, and she said nothing, but smiling shook her head slowly, looking at the cheques in my hand and the figures on a slip of paper that told the simple story of our summer's work. As we sat there trying to realize how it felt to be 'rich,' one of my men drove up. He had been down to Davidson to have the shoes pulled from a pair of horses I kept for driving and had swung round by Hanley for the mail. He handed me a letter. I instantly recognized my mother's hand upon the envelope. I opened it and found first a New York draft for a thousand dollars. The sight of this draft drove all the happiness out of my heart and flooded my soul with the old bitterness that I had hoped was passed.

"Presently, I read the letter, the first that I had received from home. It was full of the deathless mother love that survives so often when all else perishes. She begged me to return, to bring Lena and the baby and make our home with them. My father, she said, would be only too glad to turn over the burden of his growing business to me, and while he had not said so in so many words, she felt confident he had forgiven me. Right there I made a mental note to inquire as to the nature of the crime for which I was about to receive the paternal pardon, but by the time I had finished my mother's letter all the resentment was gone.

"I could see how her pride had been hurt and how helpless she had been as against the sentence of my stern father. So I wrote her thanking her for the draft, which I returned, and for the assurance of her love which I

treasured and told her how impossible it would be for us to go back home as if we had failed, ending with an urgent request for her to visit us at our new home of which I still had possession. To my surprise she came, stayed a month, and when she went back left a lot of her boundless love with Lena and the baby.

"After selling my section, I came over here and squatted in the shadow of the Eagle Hills—here where the face of nature was unscarred, where the great Saskatchewan sweeps down to the northern lakes, where the summers are matchless and the winters mild, where the warm Chinook comes crooning over from the coast range, making March as balmy as May on the North Atlantic. Beyond the river, over in Alberta, I have gathered a goodly band of cattle and a fine bunch of ranch horses. These hardy horses hustle for themselves from Christmas to Christmas, as do the cattle, save for a few hundred tons of wild hay we cut for them to feed on in the hardest of the winter. We never house them unless the winter is an exceptional one. It is not so exciting as wheat growing, but it is nice quiet work and doesn't hurt the country, 'God's country,' of of a truth, just as He left it when he rounded out the world."

Such is the story of Sanford Sanderson. I remember how, as we drove home after our last day's shooting Sanderson grew eloquent as he pictured his Paradise as it lay before us bathed in the first faint flush of the sunset's gold. As we topped a low ridge and came in view of the ranch, the little horses slipped along the trail in that easy fox-trot so common in the Western range-bred cayuse. From the chimney we could see a thin column of smoke ascending. Lena was cooking supper. Sanderson grew silent, and I attributed his silence to the impressive scene. Presently I noticed that his glance was leveled at the ranch house. I asked what interested him and he said he saw a new object in the corral, and when a few minutes later we turned in at the gate we found a strange craft in port. It proved to be a buckboard. "I thought so," said Sanderson, lifting a nose-bag from the back of the rig. It was marked "G. T. P."

"I thought so," he repeated, more to himself than to me. "The Grand Trunk Pacific railway men have routed me from the Red River and again from Portage Plains, driven me from the Regina district, sought me out on the Saskatchewan and I presume they will follow me to the Peace and finally push me to the Pacific, just as the buffalo and the Indian have been pushed."

While we were still discussing them, the pathfinders, four of them, came up from the river. The chief of the party introduced himself. They had passed through this place a month ago, he said, but found nobody at home.

"I've been anxious to see you," said the chief, "for, unless we spoil a sixty-mile tangent, we must ask you to let us move your house over about fifty feet."

"Certainly," said Sanderson, and for the life of me I could not say whether he was joking or in earnest.

The engineer was obviously embarrassed but managed to thank our host. "O, don't mention it," said Sanderson, as he led the way to the house. "It's no trouble at all."

Now here were half a dozen half starved men, not to mention my boy and Sanderson's boy, for Lena to feed, but she met her husband and his hungry guests with a happy smile and in half an hour was making us welcome at her good table. It was no trouble—as Sanderson had said when they asked him to move his house.

"Good-by Sanderson," said I, "this has been a pleasant visit here, and when the road is open I'll drop in on you again. There'll be a town here at the crossing I fancy."

"Oh, yes," he said, there'll be a town, but I won't be here. I'm going to pull out for the front."

CROSSING A CREEK ON THE TRAIL

The Northwest Trails

Appearing in Canada West and World To-day

By Herbert Vanderhoof

The Trail! What magic lies in the word, especially in the spring, time of vagabonds and journeyers!

The Santa Fee Trail, worn by the feet of the forty-niners over the Kansas prairies; the Allegheny Trail, reminiscent of the colonial days; even the old stage roads of New England, to one who knows them, with their dismantled road-houses where the b uebirds build undisturbed above the eaves; the Roman roads of England—all these and every other way the feet of men have trod, spell Romance.

The Trail! The very grass along the forgotten highways whispers in the wind; ghosts haunt it; legends surround it; it is a symbol of the Old Days.

And where may one find more romance than in the trails of the old Nort west? Here red-sashed voyageur and grim Scotch factor paddled or portaged side by side with Indian packer and sun-browned explorer for thousands of miles in the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company. The twentieth century, however, is the century of steel. The Canadian Northern has run its metals over the ancient highways. A blue-shirted freight handler slams the settler's worn trunk into the baggage-car, and the settler himself climbs aboard the colonist train, to be dumped out at his journey's end on a bare platform stranded in a limitless sea of prairie, while the train that brought him crawls silently into the golden distance, westward toward the sea.

Step by step the East has advanced upon the West. The New World called adventurers from France, from England; the great Hudson's Bay Company planted its outposts farther and farther toward the Pacific; dreamers who "yearned beyond the sky-line" took

canoe and threaded the rivers westward; La Verandrye and Mackenzie sought the wonderful western sea from sunset to fading sunset; and now where their birch-bark canoes pushed through the reeds the Limited thunders by;

THE INTERIOR OF A TRADING POST, WHERE THE FUR TRADERS BRING THEIR SPOILS

where the loon laughed and the wild duck rose quacking in the solitude, cities have sprung up as in an eastern tale, and Canada is tamed.

The Dawson Road followed the old Northwest Trails, the trails of the explorer and voyageur. It was as unlike a conventional "road" as one could imagine. Through the course of its five hundred miles between Thunder Bay on Lake Superior to Winnipeg city it bent and twisted, sometimes a rough track over the pine and birch forest country, sometimes merely a portage between waterways, sometimes represented by a tubby little steamer puffing on one of the myriad lakes that jewel the provinces, but in any case it was "The Trail," traversed by a voyageur, trapper, emigrant, or soldier of the Queen. La Verandrye followed practically this same route in 1731, choosing it as the line of least resistance through the central provinces of Canada, and for the same reason the Canadian Northern, some one hundred and seventy years later, surveyed its right-of-way over the same road.

Comparatively speaking, the Dawson Trail is new, only fifty years having passed since S. J. Dawson, a Government surveyor, was sent to look over the district and lay out a road in the wilderness of untraversed lakes and rivers. The stretch of country which is now crossed in seventeen hours by the railway was then a difficult trip of three months. Dawson finally, after much delay, was able to bring the road to completion, organizing a special boat transport service and selecting trained boatmen to the number of four hundred.

The importance of the Dawson Road became very apparent at the time of the Northwest Rebellion. No troops were in the West, and it would be impossible to send them from Eastern Canada through United States territory. Wolseley's force of twelve hundred men assembled in Toronto, proceeded across Lakes Huron and Superior to Thunder Bay, and established the present terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway, Port Arthur, then called "Prince Arthur's Landing" in honor of His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur, who was visiting Canada. Fort William was then an old fort consisting of several blockhouses palisaded in a fourteen-acre space once belonging to the Northwest Company, turned over to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1822, and at certain seasons of the year crowded with perhaps three hundred people with rich loads of fur from the interior. Port Arthur now contains over ten thousand people and has huge sawmills and iron works, magnificent coal and ore docks, and the largest grain elevator in the world. Fort William plays St. Paul to Port Arthur's Minneapolis, and Wolseley to-day would feel no

AN INDIAN CAMP

AN OLD TRADING POST

NEEPAWA, A MODERN TOWN

STEPS IN CIVILIZATION

little surprise at the aspect of his woodland camp of 1870.

Wolseley found it impracticable to attempt to follow the partially completed Dawson Road to Lake Shebandowan, and therefore made the toilsome journey up the rapidly flowing Kaministiquia, only to find when he arrived at Winnipeg that the rebellion which he had started to subdue was already a matter of history.

There was pressing need for a real means of transportation practicable for large bodies of men, but nothing really

useful to the country at large was completed until the Canadian Northern surveyors tramped over the Dawson Road with their levels and laid out the railroad.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE
The President of the Canadian Northern Railway

The Canadian Northern has arisen as if built by a genie. Twelve months have elapsed since its completion to Edmonton, and already it is handling an amount of traffic that competes with the largest lines on the continent. It has grown from next to nothing in 1900 to over one thousand eight hundred miles in 1904, and three thousand seven hundred in 1907. It is the first important system that is purely Canadian. The Canadian Pacific was built and is managed by Yankee brains. The Grand Trunk Pacific was conceived by an American, and under his guidance is bridging the continent. But the story o. the Canadian Northern is the story of Mackenzie and Mann, contractors.

They followed the Northwest trails, surveying over the Dawson route to Winnipeg, through the most beautiful district of Canada, past silver rivers, and leaping falls, through dim stretches of pine forests and of ghostly white birch, among jeweled lakes and deep-grassed meadows, to the West and the prairies.

The prairie was the country for the settler, and this fact was recognized by the Dominion of Canada. The Government assisted the company from the outset, and for certain lines a large land grant was set aside. On account of the large westward immigration movement, and because of the class of settlers who have been attracted from south of the boundary line, these lands have proved of great value, and as years go on and the development

D. D. MANN
The partner of William Mackenzie in building the Canadian Northern

A SUNSET OVER THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE. BREAKING THE SOD IN THE RICH SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY

increases, the value of the grant will develop naturally.

With this Governmental assistance Mackenzie and Mann have built the Canadian Northern, mile by mile, from forest to prairie, and prairie to foothills, and always in its wake elevators, mills and towns have sprung up, so that each mile of track as it was turned over to the operating department has been able to earn something above operating expenses, even while it helped to people the prairie lands where, until now, there has been only silence and the sighing of winds in the wild grasses. Verily, these be Empire Builders, these men of the railway.

In the early years of the nineteenth century Simon Fraser started westward, racing Lewis and Clark to the Pacific coast. Up from Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, across the great Lake Winnipeg, through the myriad waterways to the Saskatchewan, the Missouri of the North, he went, pushing slowly westward, winterbound among the snows a thousand miles north of Lewis and Clark, near Peace River Pass. In the spring he went across the Canadian Rockies by the Tete Jaune Pass, and there established Fort St. James, Fort Fraser, and Fort George, deliberately establishing his grip upon that country. But it was spring of 1808 when he learned that he had long ago missed his race with the young Virginians, and lost the empire of the Northwest Coast. Lewis and Clark were by that time back home, and America was going wild over her newly discovered empire.

The story of Simon Fraser is but one of the many stories of the Saskatchewan. Through many years it remained mysteriously unknown, highway only of the furs. The Saskatchewan was still unexploited. The nets came up full of fish in all its branches. Its plains were tenanted by the buffalo and wild antelope. The plover circled about the uplands, the painted wild fowl streamed over its marshes, and the wind blew fresh and clean across the

PEACE RIVER AND ST. JOHN'S FORT
This country is marked on the map only by rivers and peaks and Hudson's Bay posts

unbroken sod. On the Saskatchewan a man did as he pleased. There were little churches at the mouths of rivers where the great fur brigades came down, where a man might confess and be absolved. So for a hundred years the Saskatchewan lay at our doors, the very sign and symbol of a wilderness.

Past these river mouths, past the little gray churches, past the vanished trails of the voyageurs, leads the Canadian Northern, out of Winnipeg City, across the Assiniboine, to the great Saskatchewan Valley. Where the wild fowl and the antelope frolicked, the grade crossing and the right-of-way

ELBOW BRIDGE OVER ELBOW RIVER IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA
One of the bridges that have supplanted the boat transportation on the old trails

stand. Where the voyageur and the Indian held their *boissons*, the Mounted Police ride with a watchful eye to keep law and order in the land. Saskatchewan is no longer even the frontier, much less the wilderness of not long ago. The Canadian Northern has followed the Northwest trails to Edmonton, and Mackenzie and Mann only know how much farther they will go.

For if the dreams of these dreamers come true, they will some day reach the Pacific, somewhere in British Columbia, marking old Simon Fraser's trail with spikes and metals, and whistling for crossings where he heard the cougar cry.

Those who know the builders say they will not rest satisfied until the Canadian Northern becomes a transcontinental system. "William Mackenzie never lets go," is a favorite expression of his friends. The spirit of romance and adventure is not dead. Though the canoe is a thing of by-gone days, the special that moves smoothly over the long metals carries the same courage and daring, the same sweep of vision and breadth of dream. The builders of the railroad work with huge tools, to huge ends, and who shall say that they are not the real pioneers?

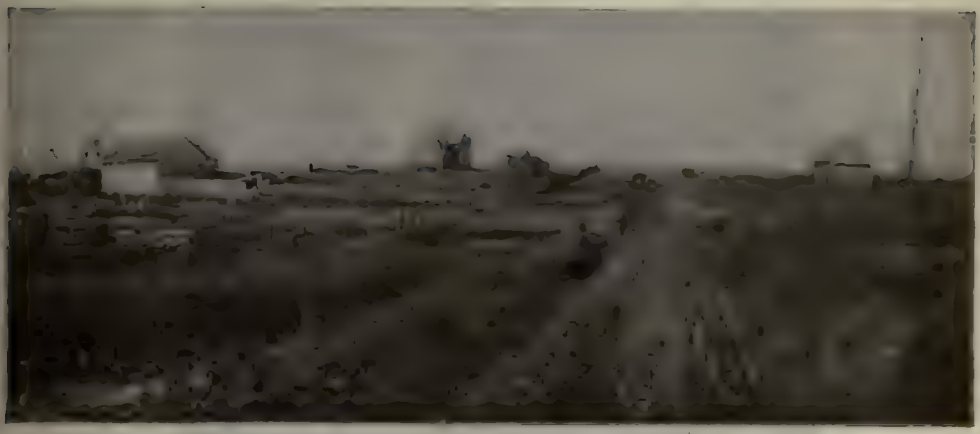
The white man has indeed come to the North. In 1906 the old buffalo plains raised one hundred million bushels of wheat, and each year now adds a half million or a whole million to the acres under plow. Soon there will be two hundred million acres of wheat standing in the bull wallows along the Saskatchewan. Soon this Missouri of the North will be sending to Great Britain twenty times as much wheat as to-day. Wheat has come to take the place of flour.

It as a significant fact that the recently located lines of railway in Canada swing to the North on their way to the West. To be sure, this was not without a thorough knowledge of the country. Rosthern, thirty miles north of the Canadian Northern main line, is the largest individual wheat-shipping point in the Canadian West. There is a farm at Carrot River that has been cropped twenty-two years without a single failure. M. H. McLeod, Chief Engineer of the Canadian Northern, has all these things at his finger's ends, and his layout of the line has added millions to the revenues of the company

Beyond Edmonton lies the Peace River country, marked on the map

ONE OF THE WILDERNESS PRODUCTS
A captured cub bear

with nothing but rivers and peaks and Hudson's Bay Company posts. Beyond that again lies the vast expanse of Mackenzie and the Yukon, whose future is undreamed. Perhaps the honorable Hudson's Bay Company knew something of what lay in those unmapped miles, but it said no word. The occasional explorer who has traversed a tiny patch of the country can tell you things to rival the tales of Scheherazade. But even he has a small idea of its possibilities. It will take twenty-five years, perhaps, to open that country, but some day it will be



SETTING LIMITS TO THE WILDERNESS
A ranch near Pretoria, Manitoba

done—it is being done already, for the outposts of the settler and the railroad daily move a fraction farther. Some day the New York millionaire will own his "cottage" on the Great Slave Lake, and the hoot of the steam launch and the tallyho will surprise the polar bear on the Arctic Circle.

Having regard to the quiet but effective manner in which lines have been acquired and absorbed into what is known as the Canadian Northern, and keeping in view the men behind the enterprise, Dan Mann and William Mackenzie, it is easy to imagine in the years to come the vast system that will

MEAL-TIME WHERE THERE ARE NO HOTELS
The pioneers dine where the wilderness runs riot

THE OLD TRAIL STILL IN USE
Seekers of fortune to-day travel the same road

organize Canada — Western Canada, Northern Canada—and link it to the East by a million shining metals.

Over these trails journeys a company as varied as the forty-niners of California, or the steady-eyed, daring voyageurs of fur brigades. Here at Winnipeg, gateway to the wheat country, trains full of intelligent, eager, well-educated young fellows, many of them sons of well-to-do Eastern farmers are going to the West to handle big farms of a section or more, carrying with them experience and means of success, and the enthusiasm and courage of youth. Here, too, may be seen the English contingent many of them white-faced with life in cities, but with the spirit of adventure still in their hearts, going out to learn how to handle a farm, and doing it with the speed of all Western Canada events. It is hard to realize that the country to which they are going is still celebrating one-figure birthdays, or that the great industrial development of the Winnipeg-Port Arthur section is the work of but a few years.

The immigration into Western Canada during the present year promises to exceed all calculations. Basing its estimate on the reports of agents and steamship bookings, the department of immigration looks for an influx of three hundred thousand, or fifty per cent. more than last year, and equal to the total immigration of the decade from 1881-1891. The newcomers are arriving in large numbers at different Albertan points, and are impressing

those who have come in touch with them as being a very superior class of settlers. The Government is taking extra precautions to keep out undesirables. The fact that a large proportion are from the British Isles and the United States shows the calibre of the men. Iowa alone lost thirty thousand people in two years, not because Iowa lands were no longer good, but because they were no longer cheap. At least seventy-five thousand will leave the United States during this year, settling up the wonderful wheat lands of the Saskatchewan Valley.

Canada will not need to build flats or run suburban trains for some time yet. There is room enough and to spare for many times three hundred thousand people—room for all who will come, and a future that is bounded only by what men dare first to dream and then to compass. It is the country of to-morrow.

The old trails are not forgotten, though the grass has grown again in the track of the voyageur's feet. As long as the Red Gods make their medicine in spring the young men will turn to the West and go a-journeying, and the old men will remember their youth and take to the road once more. The eternal type repeats itself—La Verandrye standing in the bow of his canoe; the eager eyed New England lad, setting out to seek his fortune; and William Mackenzie in his special car.

The Northwest Trails are still there, though they are spiked down over whitewood ties instead of being scarred with Indian blazings. Though men work with railways and elevators and townships instead of canoe-brigades and dog-trains and wilderness cabins, Romance is never dead. The Empire Builders of to-day are as the Empire Builders of yesterday, and Mackenzie and Mann are the new Lords of the North, both dreamers and accomplishers of dreams.

The Delinquent Debtor

A Story of Prohibition Days

By J. J. Armstrong

I had decided to spend my summer vacation in the Canadian Northwest on the Bar N ranch, the guest of the manager, old Jim Boyd. He and I had been together for about a month the previous year, when he was East with a large shipment of cattle for the Bar N. Our firm handled nearly all the cattle sent East by L. N. Mason, the principal owner.

Boyd had been with the Bar N since its first existence, and he had established very comfortable quarters, nicely arranged. The walls were literally covered with all kinds of firearms, knives, belts, branding irons, and all such paraphernalia connected with a ranch. I took great interest in examining the different specimens for they were many and varied.

One evening I was standing with arms akimbo, admiring his collection, when the old man pointed to a Winchester resting on a pair of elk horns. "That old fellow has put many a puncher to sleep," he said, with a sly wink; "I've seen many a poor fellow knocked out with its contents." As he was speaking he reached for the rifle and handed it to me. I was astonished at its lightness.

"Why," I said, "It's tin, and hollow."

"That gun," said the old gentleman, reaching for his pipe, "done yeoman service in the old prohibtion days. They'd fill 'er full of licker, shoulder arms and march." The old man chuckled at the recollection: "The police never tumbled, although, like as not the owner often did, after get-

tin' a charge from that 44-40. I got the gun from a couple of boys from Indiana as worked on the Bar N for a couple of years. Them was the devil's own pair. Although they didn't hit the booze much themselves they seemed to delight in bamboozlin' the authorities."

"They was into all kinds of deviltry and never seemed happy unless they was a-worryin' someone, but, mind you, a better pair of boys to work never set a saddle on the Bar N. The only fault I had with 'em was Indiana.

"Say, they'd talk you blind about In-di-ana. I ain't much on jography anyway, and they got me so gol darned mystified I'd begun to think that New York and Brooklyn was suburbs of Indianapolis. Well sir, after them kids was here two months you couldn't make me believe all the liars came from Missouri, but I didn't care as long as they was good-natured, and it didn't hurt them for work."

"Fill yer pipe and I'll tell you a little game they played on another George Washington from Indiana: One day old man Mason come out and said for us to run a bunch of about four score horses out to M—, and dispose of 'em The settlers was comin' in thick and fast and buyin' everything with hoofs on. As a rule, in sellin' horses you have to halter break and sometimes bust 'em, that is, ride 'em until the buck is out of 'em, and you have to do it in sight of 'em pink-eared dogies, before they'll buy them, for they won't believe you on your oath.

"So I selects my bunch and takes Hall and Curtis, my two Indiana cherubs, with me, and started for the grain country.

"Arrivin' at our destination I had sold a few when, one day, my two laddy-bucks comes saunterin' along with a prospective buyer in tow. He had just got started tellin' me he was agent for the McCormick Implement Company, and wanted a team of drivers, when Hall puts in his oar, and says, "You work for a good old Yankee firm; why they don't use any-thing but McCormick machines in Indiana.'"

" 'Do you come from Indiana, pard," asks Connor the agent, 'if you do just give me a good old American grasp,' as he extended the glad hand.

"You bet yer life. Me'n him's both from God's country,' says Hall, rubberin' towards Curtis.

"Well sir, you may think I was batty, but when I saw they was three of them and all from Indiana, I went out behind the corral, stuck prairie wool in my ears, and, if ever a human bein' sent a little plea heavenward it was me, beseechin' the powers above, that, if ever I died they would spare me the mortification of bein' resurrected with the Indiana contingent, when old Gabe blows the blast.

"Howsomever, the boys succeeded in sellin' Connor a nice team of blacks and promised him to help break them, and a pretty nice figure his team cut when he got 'em in shape.

"One day not long after the sale, I was settin' on the corral fence, lookin' at a immigration map when Connor come along.

" 'Hello, Mr. Boyd,' says he, studyin' geography?'

" 'No,' says I, only tryin' to find out in what corner of Indiana the United States is located.'

"He just laughs, and says, 'Indiana's alright. You should take a trip to that state and see things worth seein.'

" 'Not on your life,' I growls, 'I might catch it too; if you fellows keeps on I'll be seein' things as it is.'

" 'Where are the boys?' he asks.

" 'Gone back to the corn belt to feed some of 'em hogs that's heavier 'n our steers,' I puts in.

" 'No joshin'. I put the black team into a field south of the town, and they're out and away.'

"Well, the upshot was, he was to give the boys ten dollars to round the team up and bring 'em into town, which they did in about two hours. Then Mr. Connor hands over five and said it was plenty for two hours work.

"Curtis was tellin' me how dirty Connor had acted and vowin' he'd get even with the lump-jawed maverick. I knew enough of them imps to kind of pity Connor, and was goin' to speak in his favor, when I heard Hall who was

talkin' bronco to a prospective buyer say—'Now down in Indiana—'and thinkses I to myself, they're all from Indiana; let them fire ahead.

"Connor had taken up a claim a few miles out of town and had built a shack, and he drove out there every evening, and slept there nights for six months each year, to satisfy the Government that he was a permanent resident and so get his patent when the three years was up.

"Often he would ask a few chums out to spend the evening. This time he had ast sevrul to a stag party to come off the following week, had got a drummer friend to smuggle in a case of Schlitz, and had it cached under the lounge in a room back of his implement office. so as to be out of the sight of the M. P. or any stray spotters.

"Well sir, in some way them Indiana cherubs got wise to the fact, and decided to swipe the juice that made Milwaukee famous, and make it a thirsty feast unless Connor divvyed up the other V.

"They held a council! Then Hall went over to Connor's office, friendly like, and started chatting with him. Then Curtis loomed up on the scene in a hustle, puffin' and blowin' and tryin' hard to control his wind. When he got his breath, he says, excited like, 'Say Hall, I've struck a vein—pay-dirt galore. The old man, (meanin' yours truly), has had a couple of gallons sneaked in to treat the boys election night. It's cached in his room; try and get some keys some place, and we'll unlock his door to-night, and vamoose with the whole brewing before he goes to bed.'

"'I can't get any keys,' grumbles Hall.

"'Borrow some some place. Get two or three bunches and I'll try and do the same.'

"'You can have mine when I lock up to-night,' chips in Connor (as billed), if you have 'em here first thing in the morning.'

"'Good,' says Curtis, 'what time can we get em?'

"'About six or a little later, and say,' continued Connor, 'get a rig and bring it out to my shack. Here's to Indiana!' and then he laughs like a bug-house tenant.

"The boys were on deck at six to get the keys, and, as soon as it was dark strolled down to Connor's office, picked out the key that fitted the lock, went in and collared his cherished beer and transplanted it to their bed-room at the hotel.

"They were on hand when Connor drove in in the morning, and handed back the keys saying, 'Thanks awfully, we'll see you later.'

"I went down to the corral that forenoon with the boys to help them push the outfit out on the prairie for a feed, and was just coming back when I met Connor.

"And say, I've seen men when their wrath got the upper hand of 'em, and I've heard a few that knew all the cuss words in the vocabulary, but Connor got them all off, and started manufacturing new ones, chewin' em up and spittin' 'em out like a defeated politician, and gesticulating like a sheeny.

"At last I got to the bottom of the affair, and says I: 'You go and divvy up that five dollars you owe the boys and your Dutch tea will be restored.'

"After a while he cooled off and began to see the fun himself, and when the boys brought the horses in he was a-sittin' on the corral fence, and, as they rode up he calls out.

"'Say, I've come to settle up the balance of that account:

"'Can't accept it without interest,' says one of the boys.

"'How much?' asks Connor.

"'A bid to the stag dinner and we'll supply the Schlitz.'

"'It's a go,' he says, 'and we'll drink to old Indiana, the finest state in the Union.' "

A Pictorial Story of Indian Head, Saskatchewan

W. L. BIRNIE
SECRETARY

A. M. FRASER
PRESIDENT

S. W. CHISHOLM
VICE-PRESIDENT

BOARD OF TRADE OFFICERS

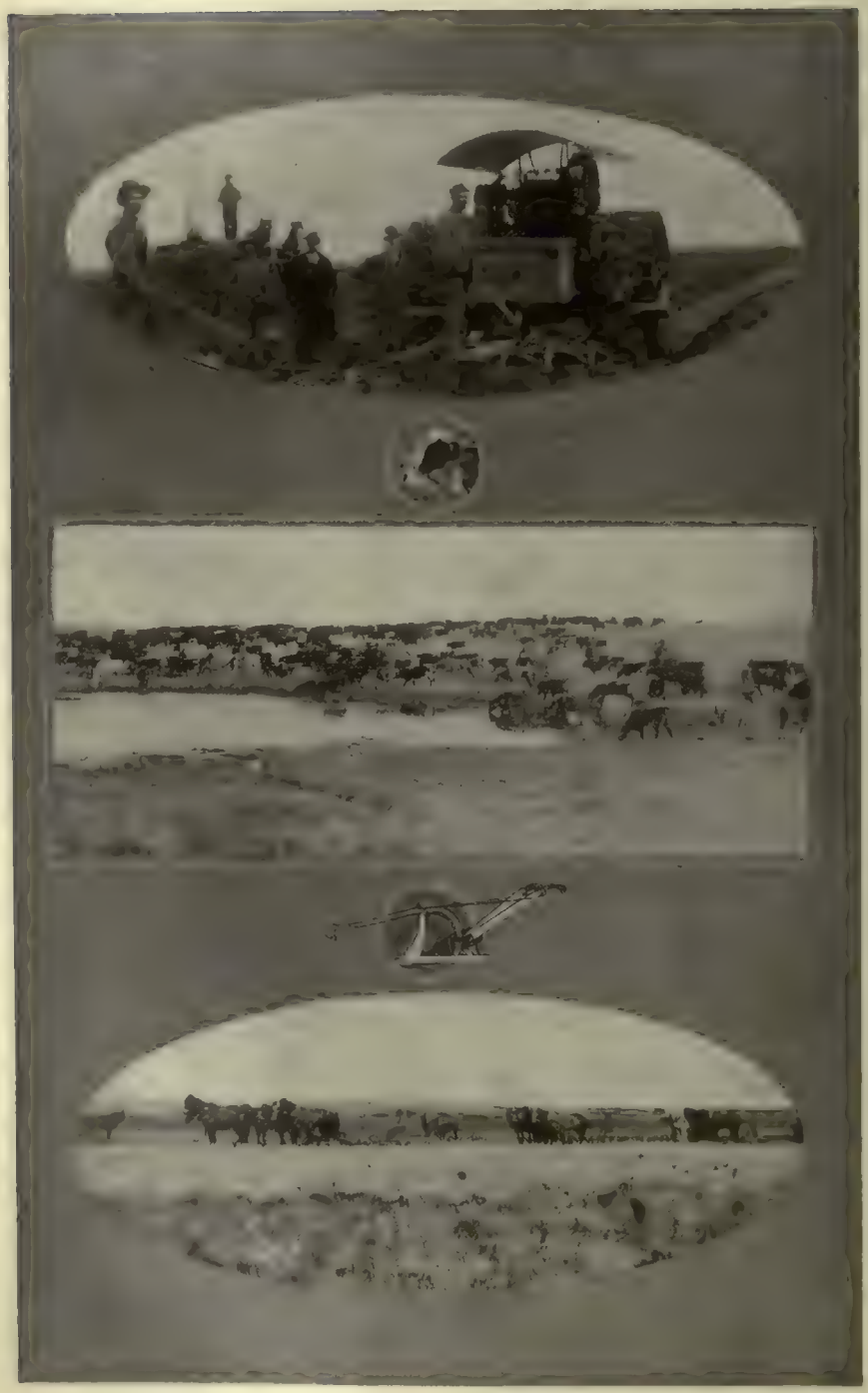
THE LONG LINE OF ELEVATORS

THRESHING ON JOHN BROWN'S FARM

HARVESTING ON T. VERNER'S FARM

CUTTING OATS, EXPERIMENTAL FARM

A WHEAT FIELD AS VIEWED FROM ONE OF THE ELEVATORS
WHEAT FIELD WITH BINDERS AT WORK, JOHN BOYD'S FARM
BEAUTIFUL SCENE ON ISAAC JACKSON'S FARM

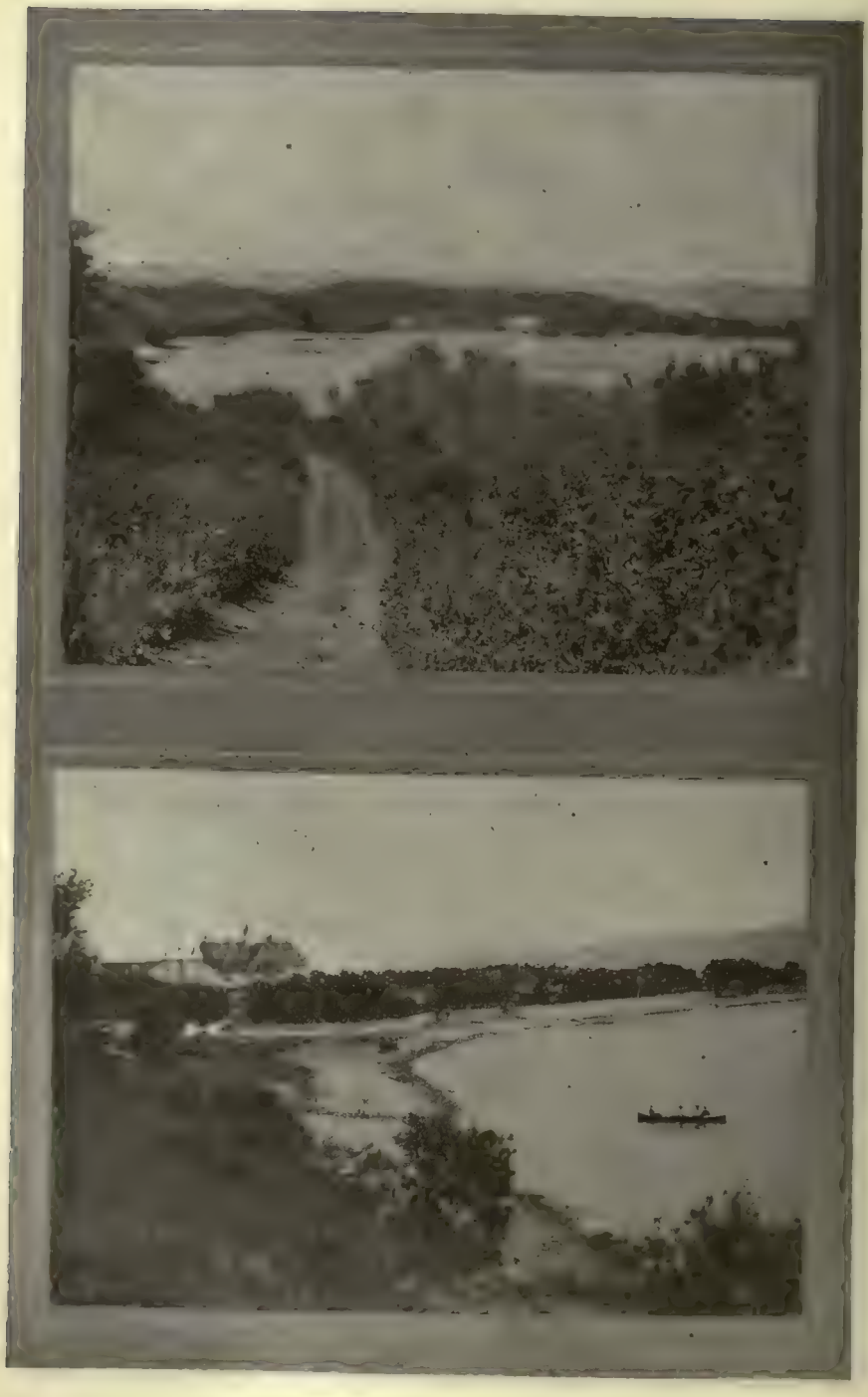


PELCHIE'S BREAKING OUTFIT

A RANCHING SCENE

BREAKING THE PRAIRIE LAND

BISHOP'S COURT AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH
SUPERINTENDENT MC KAY'S RESIDENCE, EXPERIMENTAL FARM



A HUNTER'S PARADISE—25 MILES FROM INDIAN HEAD
INDIAN MISSION AND SCHOOL, LE BRET, SASK., NEAR INDIAN HEAD

EXPERIMENTAL FARM

The Passing of the Old West

By T. Bradstock Evans

After many years' absence, the fascination of the West, "the call of the wild," again appealed to me, and I decided to revisit the town of Macleod which I remembered as it was in the old days, years before the railway with its fast engines and comfortable club cars had eliminated our old ideas of distance; in the days when a trip to Winnipeg was something to be considered carefully, and provision made for a long and serious journey.

The town as I remembered it, with its log buildings, the ever present cow punchers, half breeds and Indians, appealed to me as a restful change after the busy life of the East, and though had there been time, I should have preferred to have taken the old route with its trials and inconveniences, still one has to bow to the inevitable, and getting a comfortable berth in the Pullman, I eventually found myself in. Macleod. Then my eyes began to open.

My first intimation of the changes which had taken place was received at the station, where in place of the cow-punchers, half-breeds and Indians, whom I had expected to see, I found a well dressed crowd, all strangers, and all full of business; well filled busses taking the travelers to the different hotels, and other evidences of a modern commercial prosperity, which made me feel that I was doomed to disappointment in my expectations of seeing the old Macleod I had known in the past.

Refusing the invitations of the hotel touts, I started off on foot to take in my first impressions of the new Macleod. The first thing to force itself upon me was the presence of mills and elevators, at the former of which were about a dozen teams, waiting their turn to unload their wheat. Then the origin of the change was forced upon me. The rancher, the old king of the Southwest, had given way to the farmer; the lands which had for so many years been the home of thousands of head of horses and cattle, had been appropriated by the farmer for the raising of wheat. This then was the cause of the marvelous change, not only in the town as I could see it from where I stood, but also in the change I had noticed in the people themselves

Walking on towards the town, looking for the old landmarks, the alteration was still further impressed on my mind The old log buildings of which I had such pleasant recollections had almost entirely disappeared, giving place to substantial looking frame and brick buildings, though in places I caught sight of an occasional log shack, which, owing to the altered surroundings, I was unable to recognise.

Before leaving the residential portion of the town, I paid a visit to the large new hotel, which had just been completed near the station, in the hope of finding someone whom I had known in the old days, and to my surprise found that Barney Grier, the joint-owner, an old-time rancher, was there himself; though there was a change even in him, for now in place of being simply a rancher he was mayor of the town, a prosperous farmer, and the joint-owner of an up-to-date hotel. From him I discovered that the changes were even more far-reaching than I had deemed possible.

Taking a walk down toward the business portion of the town, I passed a large open square, all neatly fenced, which at a first glance I took to be

the public school grounds, enclosing a large square building which I subsequently found to the court house, where the Supreme Court for Southern Alberta holds its session; the public school being a similar building, a couple of blocks east of this point.

Coming to the Main Street I missed the old "Queen's Hotel," finding in its place a fine three storey dressed stone building replete with all modern comforts. This the new "Queen's," cost the proprietor no less than $60,000.00 to build.

The old Cawdry Bank was also missing, its place being occupied by the large brick building of the Bank of Commerce which took over the business; the old Hudson's Bay building was still there, though even it was doomed, as the new building almost completed; showed. The new building is one of the finest at present in Macleod, being built of dressed stone, and having a frontage of 58 feet, and a depth of 99 feet.

Next to the Bank of Commerce, where most of the old business houses stood, there was a blank, where the fire ran through in the latter part of last year, but already the contractors were busy preparing for the new business blocks which are to be run up this summer, all of which are to be built of either brick, stone or concrete. Still further east is the town hall, a large brick building which combines the municipal offices with the opera house.

Another feature of the town which struck me was the prevalence of the real estate agents, all looking busy and prosperous, a sure sign that property was changing hands at a fairly rapid rate. In connection with this in the course of a conversation with E. F. Brown, the secretary-treasurer of the town, I discovered that the Government some time ago presented the town with the town-site. This has turned out to be a very satisfactory gift from the town's point of view, as about $60,000.00 still remain the property of the town. The first visible result of this accumulation of funds by the municipality has been the introduction of a very complete system of waterworks, and fire protection; also a modern electric lighting and power plant.

Wishing to see for myself the changes in the surrounding country I strolled down to where old Dick Kennefick used to have his livery stable, and found that he was still doing business at the same stand, though in place of the old log stable, he had built a modern brick barn. Taking a team and driver, I started to view the town and country, and was much surprised to see the large number of residences outlying from the business portion of the town, which I had missed in my morning's stroll.

The country was even a greater surprise. Passing the beautiful Island Park, which is the property of the town, we struck north, and where in the past I had seen nothing but open range I found that every acre was fenced. In place of the old log shacks, I found the fine frame buildings and outhouses, which the wheat has purchased for the farmer. Calling at some of the farms, I found the farmers enthusiastic about the wonderful crops they were getting, and the wonderful climate which prevailed; at last I had found something which had remained unchanged. The climate, at any rate, had withstood the test of time.

Next day one or two of my old friends showed me over the power-house, the telephone exchange, and various other institutions which marked the surprising progress of the town.

But my visit was not one of business and I could not refrain from thinking of my lost ideal. The old Macleod which I had known was gone forever, and in its place I had discovered a progressive Western town. It was with real regret for the old days which will never return, that I hit the pike.

THE FURNACE

By Philip Payne

Author of "The Mills of Man," The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly, as advertising manager for Worth & Ware, a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Partice Powell, a breezy, "nice" young woman, and Mr. Worth's ward; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Mrs. Eccleston, a high-bred, refined woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes up to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Jack Wytcherly goes out to the "Sea Fox" to deliver this message and is jovially invited to join the gay crowd aboard for a cruise.

CHAPTER NINE

(Continued)

As Wytcherly reluctantly got over the side, he wondered whether the Sea Fox did not afford a rather good solution of the problem of what to do with one's days. Joviality without stint, the freest of good fellowship, the broadest of good humour, obtained upon her decks. Fain he was to stay awhile —to eat, to drink, to laugh, to snore, to steer a course, to stand a watch, to scan the stars.

Mark followed him into the boat. "I'll go with you," he said. "Our tars are busy fixing things shipshape, and I can get the keeper's boy to row me back to Idlenesse. Husbands are supposed to kiss their wives good-bye, you know."

Wytcherly was waving his hand to the gentlemen on deck—he swept his hat off in a final salutation—had they not laughed at his sallies, warmed him with their urgings? He rowed slowly away.

"Mrs .Eccleston tells me," began Mark, after settling his bulk as comfortably as was permitted by the space, "that you and she make a hit of it."

"We do," said Wytcherly, recurring to an interest greater than the yacht. "We do: that is, we find many things to talk about, to agree upon."

"Glad to hear it," Mark announced tolerantly. "To tell the truth, I've been regaled by nothing except accounts of you since I've been here. According to Mrs. Eccleston you're quite a man—ha, ha, ha!"

Wytcherly laughed also. And he replied: "She cannot be half so much impressed with me, as I am with her. Why, I think she's marvelous. I have seen women before with minds, but never until now one whose mind seemed beautiful."

"The clever men all think about her as you do," Mark asserted with some pride. "Bandy, the colourist, you have heard of him—says she knows more about art than any woman he knows, and Senator Scott of Ohio says the same thing of her in regard to politics. Well I'm classed as a dub myself; but suppose I am—haven't I a wife whom the smartest men in America envy me?"

Wytcherly did not believe that the little he had seen Mark drink could have

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affected so seasoned a veteran—yet, why this efflorescence? "I can well understand that," he agreed. "Mrs. Eccleston is certainly the most intellectual woman I have ever met."

"She ought to be," her husband declared. "Do you know who her father was, and her grandfather? The best lineage in all North America, though between ourselves blessed with more blue blood and brains than with estate. Then you should have seen her mother, one of the Montreal Romains. You'd have to have seen her—proud as a peacock, and selfish as the devil! As Romaine says: think of lavender, old silver, old lace, and you'll have Mrs. Whiting. God rest her haughty bones—she never approved of me."

"I never knew what fine lady meant," confessed Wytcherly. "But I knew I saw one, when I first saw Mrs. Eccleston."

"By Jove, I'm glad you see it." Mark slapped his knee. "The Worths, they do and they don't. They know she is a gentlewoman, as they have been told; but that's all they know. You understand? Now you, you not only know Mrs. Eccleston has a mind, but you appreciate her intellectual side. I know it, but I can't, I'm too much a dub."

"Yet you seem to know enough to have a pretty high opinion of her," suggested Wytcherly with a smile.

"More than she gives me credit for," Mark sighed. "Since you do," he added generously, "I hope you'll go to see her just as often as you can, every day in fact, as long as you are here.—Bear to the right a little, if you want to fetch the lighthouse."

"I'll go," the young man replied. "I couldn't be better pleased than to be allowed."

"You see I am away so much," the husband explained. "I am away so much that Mrs. Eccleston is more than ordinarily dependent on her friends. I always tell her that whenever anyone congenial turns up, to make the most of him, if she's inclined. I say to her, if anyone objects, it won't be I. Rather liberal on my part, eh, Wytcherly?"

"Also wise," the latter affirmed.

It may not have occurred to Mark in that light before. "May be," he said dubiously. He added: "To tell the truth, Jack, you must see, I'm not exactly everything that a woman of her kind has a right to expect. I bore, my conversation does, and that's one reason why I keep away. Some people of poor taste esteem my company as not half bad; but she doesn't, not a little bit—she has too many brains. So I drift where I am appreciated, just as any other dub; but I'm not going to be a low down dog-in-the-manger on that account. If some interesting chap like you happens along,there's no reason she shouldn't enjoy you all she can."

Wytcherly between his strokes, surprised a tender expression in Mark's face. His sympathy was touched. "It takes a little chivalry to see it that way," he ventured.

"Thank you, Jack." Mark Eccleston was grateful—flagrantly grateful, his companion felt. "She and I"—did he accent the conjunction?—"she and I have never had a child. Sometimes I wonder, if we had, whether we might not be still a little sweet on one another as in the early years."

Wytcherly recoiled. Knowing the man's life for what it was, knowing the man himself, the images conjured by his confidence, sickened the listener. Mark might be sentimental, might cherish a sodden worship for the wife whom he neglected, but this emphasis upon past possession, this lack of reticence, amounted to atrocity. In thick voice which remorsefully regretted the nearness of the paradise from which his own deeds had shut him out, he, as it were, proclaimed an intimacy besides which intellectual companionship, however genuine, faded to inconsequence.

Looking up, he encountered Mark's indirect glance. Was he imaginative, or did Mark's expression intimate a triumph and convey a taunt?

CHAPTER TEN

HER HUSBAND

With what he considered the punctilious courtesy that he exercised in little

things towards his wife, Mark Eccleston asked whether he might not put on his hat while in the gallery. "We bald-headed men you know——"

"To explain is the offense," she drily interruped.

Mark consoled himself with a humourous grimace. His wife bit her lip.

As usual he was idling, lying prostrate in the hammock with cushions to support his neck and head. One foot just touched the floor, while the other, thrust straight out, exposed the red silk stocking that encased his fat leg. If immaculate condition and fresh clothes constitute the gentleman, Mark was well up in the class.

Mrs. Eccleston, seated in a rocking chair a few feet from the hammock, was bending over sewing in her lap. She disliked sewing and she disliked in particular her present task. But the yacht unexpectedly was to sail at seven o'clock and in her remorse for her thankfulness therefor she had undertaken to meet the emergency by mending the buttonholes in a half dozen shirts. While her needle worked, she was irritably conscious that Mark was pleased to watch her as she sewed for him. She fancied she could detect the smile lurking under his drooping white mustache.

Abruptly she dropped her hands. "Mark," she said in keen irritation, "please refrain from taking off your hat every other minute to stroke the crown of your head. I find it extremely annoying."

He reddened. "Excuse me," he pleaded in much embarrassment.

She resumed the sewing but with the irritated consciousness somehow that she was affording sport.

And in fact Mark was experiencing a quiet laugh. Without defining it he appreciated the dilemma of his wife. He reflected while watching her needle's play that not every chap had so fine a lady to sew for him. To be sure she might converse with Wytcherly upon subjects she would never condescend to mention to him, but she didn't darn the poet's "socks." Such was the substance of the chuckle in Mark's mind.

He was remarking how her concentration puckered her smooth brows and rather ignobly affected her expression. "I wonder, Romaine," presently he drawled, "if you've any notion how funny you look when you stitch."

She cast the garment from her lap and shot at him a withering glance. Which quick action further amused Mark, and lest she discover his diversion and insist upon destroying comfort by a scene, he discreetly turned his head and smiled at the lake. In amend he murmured: "I apologize, Romaine."

Mrs. Eccleston, ashamed of the little outburst, picked up the rejected shirt from the floor, and silently applied herself to the completion of the task.

By the time the last buttonhole was finished, her vexation had been stitched into the linen and she was experiencing the satisfaction which is supposed to result from duty done.

She even shared with Mark a smile that was confessedly somewhat at her own expense. In truth, if mutuality in recognition of their own incompatibility could have rendered the condition tolerable, this wedded pair might have saved their marriage through the grace of humour; for humour, as nearly as it can be defined, is a sense of incongruity. Both perceived the incongruity of their relationship; but one, although she often smiled, could not always keep her smiling up.

Mark reclined listlessly and swung a red-ankled foot. Mrs. Eccleston gently rocked and continued feebly to smile. Neither talked, since Mark was lazy and his wife had nothing to say. When neither talked they got on most pleasantly.

While she was not a cold woman, neither was she a patient sufferer of wrong. She was not unfitted for the estate of marriage; but she had found that her own marriage did not improve with time. On the contrary—the growth of her intelligence, the diminishing refinement of her husband, rendered year by year more irksome the penalties of marriage, as marriage existed for her.

Respect for the institution was in her

blood. Her traditions held its requirements to be paramount, whatever the revolt of the spirit, the repulsion of the flesh. She believed that marriage was a social necessity, and had faith in it as a sacrament. Her own hostility was not encouraged by philosophy or provoked by desire—it proceeded from her highest spiritual demand.

That demand she had been forced to recognize as a truth. But it had not occurred to her to regard herself as a heroine in a sex-problem play, or to pity herself as an outraged martyr. Quite otherwise, since in a manner, sneakingly as it were, she sympathized with Mark. She scarcely blamed him for his delinquencies, as he was a man, while she recognized his chivalry (she did not deem the word too strong) in refraining from exactions he was privileged to make more often than he did.

His consideration, in fine, had sometimes convicted her of her own want of generosity, so that she had found it impossible consistently to refuse him what he did solicit, although the granting cost her some days of self-loathing. And Mark was not insensible of her disposition, for he frequently remarked: "My wife's tremendously intellectual and damnably stuck-up; but she's an awful good fellow just the same away down in her heart."

She must have been. Indeed, as she surveyed him now, she felt some vague inclination to relent. The man was not unattractive in his yachting clothes, whose whiteness accorded with the grey tones of his skin. She liked him better with his cap on, too, although his baldness was not unbecoming when he did not pet it with his palm. She fancied the cruise must have reduced him by a few pounds—at any rate he seemed more graceful and to have gained in youth.

At intervals he turned from gazing lazily at the lake, to glance at her. His dark eyes were liquid and luminous with health; they twinkled pleasantly and she knew that in an instant she could make them blaze. To make them blaze, merely as act of power on her part, she recognized as a temptation.

Yes, masculinity existed still for her, and Mark and not another was her mate. True, he was minus mind; he was a mere magnetic specimen of the "*moyen sensuel homme.*" Yet he was man and hers—for her he represented passion and the fellowship of passion.

The half-defined emotion of her brain perhaps conveyed itself to the man's sense. He stretched forth his arm lazily to caress the hand lying in her lap. The warm touch stung to life the blood within her veins, and instinctively, she averted her regard, ashamed for the sudden carnal fire that leaped into his eyes. But her hand was not withdrawn.

His fingers hunted over hers, measuring their contours. By chance he touched their tips, and momentarily his own shrank away—in the matter of feminine flesh Mark was so choice a sybarite. "Why, Romaine," he exclaimed in surprise, "your finger-tips are like a seamstress' for all the world."

His hand was flung back to him by the force of her spring. Before he realized that he had given provocation, he found her standing over him, her eyes glittering. Had she had a dagger in her hand she would have poniarded him, where he lay, with no more compunction than would have troubled some sixteenth century great lady.

"That to me!" she cried. "You dare, you dare! You trader, you commercialist! Is it not enough that I, my mother's daughter, must stitch and mend for you? Must I also hear your insults because I am in your service marked, vulgarian that you are?"

With the superb gesture of outraged majesty she stalked across the gallery into the house.

Mark Eccleston with open mouth stared after her. Faith, as he said himself as soon as his wits returned, he admired her, nay, approved of her tantrums, considering the cause.

"By Jove," asserted Mark, as he relapsed again into an easeful posture, "she's mettlesome, the filly. Shies like a thoroughbred, needs a nice hand on the rein. Gad, 'twas worth the price to see her heels go up!"

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

HER ATTEMPT TO BE A WIFE.

He called towards the doorway. "Romaine, I'm sorry; I did not mean anything." His tone simulated a contrition, while he smiled for the humour of the case. "Please come back, I'll do my best to behave. Do come—we were getting on so famously, when I put my foot into it. Almost it seemed as if we might renew the dear old times, when I was young and you were younger."

He pleaded, but he scarcely expected her return. Therefore he was surprised when suddenly she stood framed in the doorway—a reserved but not resentful woman, who looked down at him with a deep look of inquiry in her clear eyes.

Secretly very much amused, he was a trifle awed besides. "I'm sorry," he faltered. Gathering assurance: "Excuse me—what was it all about anyhow?"

"About nothing—nothing that mattered. Nothing does matter, you know." And with a sigh at her own expense: "And so I suppose I may as well sit down."

"That's right, Romaine," Mark cheerfully approved. "Nothing matters much—it is philosophy. And let everything go—go hang if it will—is the way to get peacefully through this happy-go-lucky world."

"No, nothing does matter," with a forced assumption of a vast indifference she acquiesced, "if one only gets enough to drink, and something to laugh at. So provided, it is highest policy to let the rest go hang."

"Well, life's awful short—at the longest," he moralized, "and if anything presents itself that a fellow can find tolerable, he is wise to annex it quick and not bother for what can't be helped."

"But about the disagreeables," she interjected in another tone. "You leave them for others to bother with, no doubt."

"Oh, come, Romaine, don't lecture—I'm off in an hour," he importuned. "I'm not sermonizing; don't think it," she assured him. "I'm striving instead to see life in your way—to find out if perhaps you are not right after all."

His eyes twinkled. "Good Romaine, you're coming to your senses finally. Take it from me, it isn't worth the tribulation to do anything you do not like. Life isn't serious, and if you insist it ought to be, you only get bored to death for your pains."

"Then I think I'll not sew any more," she announced, as if moved to a definite conclusion.

Mark chuckled. "Don't; I wouldn't if I were you. What else will you not do, ha, ha!"

"You don't understand, Mark," she warned. "This means much more besides than that I will never again try my eyes threading needles." She seemed as if anxious lest the whole import of her changed attitude fail to be realized in its full gravity by her auditor. Having spoken, she studiously considered him, his features, his expression, as if she were trying to come at something, to frame an estimate. "Why not, why not!" she asked herself half aloud.

Mark was impressed. He said: "I'm glad, Romaine, you say so. I never should have asked it of you. I'm commoner clay than you are, I know that; but I'm immensely proud of you"—his face glowed; "it's a great thing to me that a gentlewoman, a lady of distinction, is my wife, the wife of such a fellow as I am. I—I wish we had not lost the money; I wish I made more than I do, so that you never had to think of the house. But I do give you all I can—you never ask for money without getting it, do you?"

She was touched. For it was true, within his means he did deny her nothing. Slothful as he was and self-indulgent to excess, he passed most of the money he received to her, and got his indulgences in the main part at other men's expense. Now that she was trying to see as he did, to be as he was, she apprehended that this conduct entailed considerable self-sacrifice of a sort, and demonstrated

that an ideality existed in the man.

"Why not, truly?" she again inquired of herself. There was no good reason for the negative, while duty lay with the affirmative—her duty as a wedded wife, to cheer, to comfort, to obey.

She considered him once more. He was indeed a comely creature, one who proved attractive to most women. She should be drawn to him—she was his by right, and it was natural and good that she should be possessed.

She fancied herself to be romantic in temperament; for, if her brain was cold and northern, her impulses, like her gaiety, were French, so she believed. Asceticism, renunciation, were foreign to her spirit—she was spontaneous, eager; she loved life, or could love it, were she allowed; she had burned with passion, and could burn again. She had great need for fondness, very human love, and human pleasure. True, she was patrician, and was offended by vulgarity in enjoyment; but Mark was indubitably a gentleman, although very candidly a materialist.

Why not indeed? She had suffered without gain—had striven to her cost—had held herself aloof, developed her mind, cultivated her æstheticism—to what good? Mark was much the wiser. At least he was obtaining from life something—such as it was—that was positive, that savoured of pleasure, not of pain.

"Mark," she began, "I mean to sew no more. I mean several other things besides. I am tired of my books, tired of chasing art, weary of opinions as of the men who utter them. I desire only to let such things go, and to descend or ascend to you. I would become and stay a mere woman, if I can. What do you think?"

"Think?" he echoed joyously, his eyes gleaming, his face flushing with colour. "I don't think, I yell. Good for you, Romaine!"

Her gravity was not to be infringed. "I want you to take me, Mark, and keep me, make me just an ordinary fond woman, a dutiful wife. We will begin a new life together, human, usual, natural, and my one aim will be to give you pleasure in your own."

He sat up in the hammock with the spring of a young man. "Now you are talking sense, Romaine. No more artists, politicians, no plaguey literary fellows—no more high lights, regenerations, soulful ecstasies, no more! I thought you'd see through them all some day, Romaine; I thought you'd arrive at sense. Three meals a day, a loving wife, good jokes, good fellowship, they're the substantialities, they're all there is to it, that's worth while in the game."

"I quite agree with you." She spoke judicially.

He spread his arms to clasp her. "Then now are you my girl. It will be as it used to be, and better too."

"I hope," she said.

"Then come to me, Romaine. Let me kiss you quick and hard."

He stood over her—she heard his breathings.

She pushed him away gently with her hands.

"That is a poor way to commence—our new life," she excepted.

"Wait," she bade. "There is tonight. I—I will not fail you."

"You forget." He showed surprise. "Tonight? The yacht sails tonight."

"You think of going?" Her glance was sharp.

"The men expect me. Of course," he replied.

She got upon her feet and confronted him. Angry spots burned in her cheeks. "What, you prefer those men, that yacht, to your—wife!"

"But I promised them before; I am pledged for this cruise." He twisted in annoyance. "You mustn't be unreasonable, Romaine."

"You will leave me?" she challenged. "I suppose I'd bore you, if you stayed. Domestic—"

"So. There's a price to be paid, is there? I might have known."

"Exactly. What is the price? I offer myself, my tenderness, my company, in lieu of your men, their fellowship, their ribaldry. What do you say?"

A sullenness settled upon Mark. "Then why didn't you say so before?

PATRICE

It would have saved a lot of fuss. What you're up to is to reform me after all. When you've got me out with my men friends and settled down to humdrum in the cottage with you, you'll next try to make a man of me. Mr. Worth on a small scale, I suppose. You will insist that I amount to something.''

''I believe I should, to be fair,'' she acknowledged coldly. ''Although I had not got that far in my own thoughts.''

Mark smiled with the pleasure of proven perspicuity.

''Romaine, you can't change me.'' he began in an indulgent tone. ''What you ought for your own sake to have done is to have married a man like Worth—you could have done a lot with him. Oh, I know you look down on him as commercial; but commercial is on top nowadays, and until you're there too you'll never feel at home.''

''I can respect Mr. Worth,'' she disdainfully rejoined. ''He is not flabby. I can respect any man who makes a stout fight of it, whatever may he his—good fortune or bad.''

''Well.'' retorted Mark, jocosely impervious to shame—''well, I get more for my flabbiness than Mr. Worth from his busy-as-a-beeness. He's rich and has his worries with him. I'm poor and eat his dinners for him. I'd lose by an exchange.''

''Mark, you are hopeless.''

''Of course I am, Romaine, and with any sort of encouragement I hope to remain so long.'' He let his trunk down carefully into the hammock, in which finally he deposited his feet, and then wallowed with the shoulders in the mass of cushions.

As she noted the characteristic motions, contempt, compunction, wistfulness, repulsion, flew successively across her face. But he did not so much as trouble himself to look up, and finally it struck her as humourous that he should so little value the riches offered him. ''It's the old case of pearls and pigs again,'' she thought.

''Ah, Mark,'' she said, ''you don't know what a wife you are missing, how much your slave I was prepared to be. I shall always like you, Mark, against my judgment; but you never will allow me to indulge my weakness to the full.'' She laughed silently. In another voice: ''And so I warn you, Mark, if anything should happen, do not blame me. I will not blame myself.'' She turned and walked towards the door.

He was so unimpressed that lying easefully he did not even shift his head to watch her go. ''You're too intense, Romaine, you always were,'' his words followed her. ''You miss the real enjoyments to be had along the way by refusing to enjoy anything unless it's tuned to a high falutin' pitch.''

She stopped. Apparently she struggled with herself, coerced some force within herself—was it hurt egoism or merely her best aspiration?

She went back slowly to the hammock, standing over it, and flushing like a girl. ''Mark,'' she said gently, ''I know I've been a bore, too ridiculously in earnest, too intolerant of averages. But I'll try though, Mark, I will, I will. If only you will meet me half, a quarter of the way—if only you will stay where you are until I come.'' She ended entreatingly.

Mark whistled—a single note. ''Romaine there's an old saw, you can't teach old dogs new tricks.'' He rolled his lazy head to look at her. ''Let well enough alone—can't you understand that that's good sense. We're doing fairly well the way we are—there's no demand for a reformation or a revolution that I can see. I let you do about anything you choose, while I gang my own gait, the only one I know. I'm aware, of course, I'm no hero to my wife; but then I'm comfortable, tolerably, thank you.'' He returned his head to view the lake again. ''No, we'll not disturb things as they are, I think, not yet awhile,'' he drawled.

She did not stir, and he did not see the sudden glitter in her eyes. ''That is it,'' she said in a low voice, vibrant as a strung cord. ''What you find passable becomes horrible to me—more and more.''

Again she turned to enter the door-

way, and again she halted. Mr. Worth's voice was calling up from the lake.

Mark Eccleston was nimble in getting out of the hammock and to the gallery rail. His wife advanced also.

"Come down," spoke Mr. Worth from the broad stern of a boat, manned by two oarsmen. "I'll take you over to the yacht—it's getting near the time. I want to talk business a few minutes with you, Eccleston, if your wife will consent to part with you a little before the time."

"Oh, his wife will cheerfully consent," laughed Mrs. Eccleston, who, seated on the rail, was swinging daintily a slippered foot.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

"IDLENESSE."

The lighthouse was a red brick cube, surmounted by a gable in the Holland style. Upon its peak a conical short cupolas at, and this held the revolving light, which winked alternate red and yellow at the straits. In calm weather many ships preferred the passage sheltered by the island to the doubling of the rocky head upon which stood the castle of the Worths. For the straits themselves afforded plenty of sea room, while the southern channel into them, although narrow, was deep. The light marked the entrance.

Wytcherly, awake in his bed, could look through the window in the gable-end across the half mile of intervening water, and see the cottage's wet shingles glistening in the morning sun. So transparent was the air that he was half convinced he could hurl a stone and hit the eaves.

Each new day invited him. He zestfully flung on his clothes and ran out upon the pounded beach to a rock he knew. From its top delicious plunges could be had into deep still water, out of which he came up shivering. Then he would bathe in air and warm sunshine a while, lolling on the even sand perhaps, while his inquisitive fingers hunted on a pebbly bank.

The beach was as clean as if its million particles had severally been polished by a lapidary. The sands were grains of gold; the pebbles, glistening white, or banded zones of iridescence, or lumps of solid green and red and blue and orange. Also were bits like jade, as black as coal. The pebbles he sorted singly, as they were gems; the sand he scooped in handfuls, letting the fine stuff drain between his fingers. But those stones he found exquisite he would pitch into the lake to produce rings of momentary ripples, just as a man with the things that count in life will toss the one or two most precious into the mire in obedience to perversity.

In no wise did Wytcherly require a stimulus of love in order to dream dreams. The natural vapours of his mind engendered them. He had dreamed in crowded streets, and now with time upon his hands he dreamed, if not more readily, at least more. Idlenesse like a provoking cause swung constantly within his ken, and his imaginative faculty would have been commonplace, had it failed of its romantic function here.

The chatelaine—such was his title for the mistress of the humble cottage—had invited him to come at any time, a permission which before two days had gone he was liberally interpreting. In the morning he rowed over, as he might have stepped across a neighbor's green. In the afternoon he rowed over, in order to supplement or to explain a thing said in the morning. And in the evening he rowed over too, since he felt forlorn on one side of the channel and could not bear to think she might be lonely upon hers.

Long poles, planted in the water, to which boats at the landing underneath the gallery were moored, reminded him of masts he had seen in prints of Venice set in clumps before the palace doors.

Venice, the mere name inspired Wytcherly; the meagre poles sufficed for him to see it all. A gondola on a black canal, a soft singing under the high window of a foe, a white fluttering from the casement in response, exchange of passionate regards in the cathedral, secret notes, clandestine meetings, stolen kisses, fervent vows,—

and then a midnight stabbing on some water stairs! Had he read it in a poem years ago, or was it simply the construction of his brain? He did not know; he only knew that to play at it amused him now.

There were two approaches to her dwelling he discovered—one, the waterway; the other by the garden. Sometimes, having tied his boat, he took the steps leading to the gallery, and sometimes he went roundabout, through the garden gate, as happened to be his whim.

Resting on his oars two boat-lengths from the dock, the rogue would halloo to the gallery. And it might be the maid who would answer for her mistress.

Leaning on the rail, looking down, and blushing richly like some dark peony upon discovering who she knew was there, the pretty creature would manifest a sudden interest in the horizon. "Yes, sir, Mrs. Eccleston's at home," she would state before he had had time to speak. "I'll tell her at once, yes sir."

Wytcherly would doff his cap with a little flourish of his own. It pleased him to show courtesy to a serving wench, and it flattered the serving wench's very soul.

Agnes would in a moment reappear at the gallery's edge. "Yes sir, Mrs. Eccleston will see you. She says how you are to tie up your boat and sit up here until she can come out, yes sir."

Or, making a landing a hundred yards above, he would leave the beach, and so come upon the garden that hedged Idlenesse upon the landward side. An unpainted fence, entwisted with vines and enriched by flowering shrubs, held a gate that hung depressed upon his hinges and refused to close. From it ran the garden path as irregularly as a drunkard's steps, infringed upon by bush and plant and tree, being at best but a worn trail through lush grass. Within the garden there were beds of vegetables and of flowers, scattered according to no plan, and the scents were sometimes heavy, sometimes delicate, from the profusion of growing things.

Often he found her in the garden, gathering vegetables or picking fruit. Perchance she would be standing under an apple tree, the wind in her rich-colored hair, or else bending above berry bushes staining taper fingers with the juices of the fruit. Once he had caught her cutting tender lettuce on her knees beside the plants, and at another time she was digging potatoes from the hills, and she used a hoe.

"No," she laughed, refusing to part with the utensil. "You consider I don't handle it, as if to the manner born. But I do not mind working with my hands, you see. It is not at all derogatory to one's dignity, I find."

"It isn't," he testified. "I have worked with my hands myself, and I always felt clean when I did."

"On the whole I think I respect working men," she speculated. "Although they do not properly respect ladies who neither toil nor spin. They impress me as the one class who are not vulgar nowadays."

"In a few of your views you are so hopelessly old-fashioned," he smilingly commented, "that you anticipate the regime that is destined to arise."

"Oh, you yourself are not so decidedly modern," she retorted. "My Agnes says you are the most of a gentleman she knows. She avers that your politeness to one woman is the same as to another, that you are as courteous to her, although in a different way, as you are to Mrs. Worth. That in these times is delicious, and even original, I think."

He learned the charm of her these mornings, a charm not sexual, yet physical. A playfellow on the lawns of Arcady she seemed, sportive, innocent of desire. The brilliant hair, the warm-tinted skin, were in harmony with the dewy freshness of the scene. She could not have been long out of bed, she came newly from the bath, and her pliant body swayed with the vigourous grace of a leaf-laden bough in the arms of a friendly wind. The little wrinkles near her eyes, the lines

of some experience around her mouth, were negligible as factors in her beauty, so strong was the life of youth within her limbs, so clear its spirit in her hazel eyes.

"Do you like me in my apron?" she would challenge, fluffing out the linen by hands concealed. "Does it not become me—more so than a dinner gown?"

"Faith, I like you both ways," he replied. "But I confess I feel more at home with women who have aprons on."

"Then I vow I'll wear aprons afternoons," she said. "For there's nothing I now wish so much as to make you feel at home."

"I do not fear you as I do when it's off," he confessed a little sheepishly. "I am not used to having women grand. As I remember my sisters and my mother, it is always with their aprons on."

Her face divinely melted. "If I could be remembered in your thoughts with them—But," she changed, "my lettuce, it may wilt, and I want it for a salad. You did not suspect I could be useful?"

"Is it required you be useful?" he rejoined. "So many can be useful, anyone in fact."

"Oh! then I am lowered in your respects?" she curtesied in mock abjection, while the pan of lettuce slipped slantingly at her waist. "My mother would have agreed with you," she added, and commenced to walk towards the house.

"Bring the basket," she bade him, "and do not forget the hoe. Yes, my mother would have agreed with you," she talked across her shoulder. "I am a sad decadence from my mother—half United States, wholly useful, easy as an old shoe. My mother was a woman of the old regime, of the eighteenth century. She was feudal in her soul, a fine lady of the day before the variety became extinct."

"She would not have approved of me," Wytcherly smiled ruefully.

"I'm not so sure," said Mrs. Eccleston. "True, my mother might have denied you her acquaintance on worldly grounds, but she never would have been so stupid as to classify you with tradesmen."

"I'm comforted," said droll Wytcherly.

The humour escaped Mrs. Eccleston. "Put the things down here, Agnes will get them." They had reached the kitchen door. "And come in, you never have come in, or been farther than the gallery I believe. I wish you to see how my mother looked, and some of my pet things besides."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

HEIRLOOMS.

Idlenesse was no better than a dove cote. If the outside of the cottage raised the presumption, to be inside confirmed the fact. The rooms were tiny, the gallery, which overlooked the water, being as spacious as the whole ground floor.

But the gallery compensated for the limitation of the rooms. It was protected from the water it overhung by a broad balustrade, upon whose flat top the mistress liked to sit, her knees drawn under her chin, her arms encircling her knees, her back against a pillar. For a dignified matron of some years the habit constituted a comical reversion to the ways of a girl.

Mrs. Eccleston in fact managed to pass the majority of her waking hours in the gallery, and, were the truth told, she had slept many nights in it as well. She was devoted to its views, which for every day consumption she preferred to those high-angled ones characteristic of the Castle. For brief whiles, perhaps, the desire would come upon her to stand on cliffs, to look down upon a spread-out map, to imagine that she could discern the great bend of the earth. But for companionship she favored the outlook of a lowlier station. Water, studied from a plane nearly level with itself, exhibits aspects of a more iridescent and delicate beauty than beheld at a vast prospect from a height.

Her visitor's occasional glances had sometimes penetrated dimly beyond the cottage doors, but until now he had never passed the threshold of the rooms themselves. Their walls seemed to him oddly bare and yet happily

decorated. The furniture was of pieces evidently fitted for a great house and of a fashion older than his acquaintance. It was all mahogany and rich with age, each article constituting a valuable and rather uncomfortable relic, as it were. He knew that he had neither the knowledge nor the taste adequately to appreciate the wide colonial sideboard, the carved tables, chairs and chests; but he was rather solemnly impressed with the historical portentiousness of their array, while the longer he looked the more he became sensible to the quaintness of their charm.

"Part belonged to my great-grandmother," the owner explained. "But the most my great-aunt left me five years ago."

"I should think they would make you feel as if you were a woman of another century," he ventured timidly.

The lighting of her face enlightened him. "I do feel at home with them," she said with pride. "And I never will consent to admit one single modern piece, although Mr. Eccleston declares it to be the most bone-bruising house he was ever in."

Imaginative Wytcherly felt impressed. He had read of heirlooms in the sentimental English novels that he liked, but he had never seen an authentic heirloom in his life. Yet here was a cottage stuffed with heirlooms exclusively and in variety. The mistress handled heirlooms as less well-descended folk handle the ordinary utensils of civilized existence. She was served by things which had come down to her, things which fine gentlemen and ladies, dead two generations, had once used.

She exhibited her books. "My poets and my heroes," quoted she, and ran a caressing finger along their backs.

"I don't know that I know books," he said regretfully.

"I am so glad," she answered in a flash. "I am so sick of men who read books, of their opinions, all at second hand."

"I have often thought my ignorance was my fatal handicap," he regretted. "And I never seriously improved myself as I might have done, for I always preferred the living street to any old book."

"How fortunate you did!" she declared with shining eyes. "Thereby perhaps you have retained the savour of the individuality—you've not been dispossessed of your own self."

"My individuality has been precious little use to me," he grinned—"The world secretly resents individuality I've found."

She made a surprising speech: "I'm so glad, so glad, that you don't know a thing. For that very reason you're a joy. Seriously, you are the one I have been looking for, oh, for the dickens of a time. By tradition I have supposed myself a woman of the world; but actually I have lived pretty much as a recluse, my hours divided between keeping house and poring over books. Will you help me to get myself outdoors again, since I wish you to?"

"Put me down for anything you say," he enthusiastically rejoined. "Though for the life of me, I don't see what I can do to help a being so superior."

"Do nothing! I don't wish you to do a thing," she said. "Just be what you are—that is what I need. None other of my friends can help. But I know you can—I recognized you from the start."

Thus they talked. Both by temperament suffered a necessity to express themselves. And each admired and enjoyed the facility displayed by the other in the art of colouring speech. His utterance with its smack of the vernacular was grateful to her present intellectual mood, while hers with its occasional use of words in their old sense, with its sometimes startling innocences, gave him pure delight.

She told him of her life at Idlenesse. "I have everything up here, my mother's things, my father's books. This wee cottage more than any place is my home. I'm happiest here. Some years I manage to escape with but a few months in the city, and I've stayed up here until winter, time after time. Come over to the window.

I've seen the ice pile up in the straits out there until it was higher than my my roof. I've seen it go out in a storm with shock and grind and roar like Niagara released. I have seen the snow lie on the lake and land for miles, glistening like the sun in heaven. I have seen dazzling days and cerulean nights with the wind dead north sweeping from the Pole. And I've seen the Aurora Borealis in a glory, leaping, dying, flaming, as if the gates of high Valhalla were rolling back. I've played all of Wagner's music to myself o' nights up here."

Wytcherly's face grew rapt. "How wonderful the world you see!" he said.

She gave him an inquiring look. "But I am not happy. Did you think I meant I was?"

Involuntarily he turned his head. He felt it sacrilege to behold what momentarily her eyes revealed—utter loneliness, complete desolation.

(To be Continued.)

This Canada of Ours

By J. Duncan Harley.

Dear Canada. No other land can boast
Such fertile fields as thine, such length of coast.
Thou are the land of promised peace;
In thee shall nations all be blest
And borne upon thy mighty breast.
The toiling sons of every race
Shall find indeed a resting place.

They sing of lands where love and romance live
And tell of climes that inspiration give;
But Canada, thou are their peer!
And races from the alien shore
Shall learn to love thee more and more,
And gain new life and happy be
In this new land of liberty.

Then Canada, upon the wings of fame
Thy sons, both far and near, shall bear thy name
Till in that name shall romance live,
And freed from deeds of wrong and hate,
The nation strives to emulate
Great deeds of valor and of mind,
And in God's truth her people bind.

Then Canada arouse thy sons to-day!
And bid them to the gracious Father pray
For strength to suffer, hope and toil,
Till all the land from shore to shore,
From Esquimalt to Labrador
The shouts of victory shall raise
An honor God in all her ways.

Twenty-to-One

By Cy Warman

At last the long hard winter has passed and people interested in the Canada West are asking how it has affected immigration for 1907.

In as much as the winter was almost world-wide in its severity, most people, preparing for a pilgrimage from the Old to the New World or from the States to the Dominion will be able to console themselves with the fact that, by comparison, Canada does not, after all, come off so badly. The mean temperature in Ontario for the winter months was higher than in New York State. One day, for instance, when it was thirty below in New England and forty below in Michigan it was ten below at Parry Sound, the cold-storage port of Ontario. At all other Canadian stations from which reports are sent the thermometer stood above zero.

We do not hear of Chicago as a cold city, yet throughout one winter the writer kept tab on the temperature in that town and found that it averaged ten degrees lower than in London, Ontario.

After all it depends upon the locality. Zero in Boston is infinitely worse than twenty below at Medicine Hat. The same is true of Washington, D. C., and Denver. It was three degrees warmer, one spell covering a period of several years, at Edmonton, than it was in Toronto. That was the story told by the thermometers, but as a matter of "feeling" and of fact, the weather at the Lake Port would be much more severe than the weather at the Gateway to the Wilderness.

A German farmer once ranched for twelve years just south of Edmonton, never housed his stock save the colts, calves and lambs and in all that time, never lost a hoof or a horn because of the cold. This rancher, one in many who have proven that the cold in Canada does not always kill, is now proprietor of the Victoria Hotel, Lacombe, Alberta.

When we read that ranch-cattle by the hundreds have huddled and died during the past winter on the Western plains, we are apt to count the ranchman's failure to provide shelter and feed for his stock as almost inhuman; but when we are told that for twenty years the cattle have roamed these plains, finding their own fodder on the Chinook-fanned fields, we understand why the ranchman has taken this chance. It is a twenty-to-one shot.

Now, they say, the ranchman will build sheds and store food for his cattle, but I doubt it very much. The average white man is a born gambler and he will continue to take the chance, twenty-to-one.

By the time this reaches the printer the warm Chinook will be blowing full blast, the hills will be growing green, rivers running full and free and the melancholy moaning of the dying kine will be forgotten in the lisp of laughing waters and the songs of birds. The memory of nineteen successful seasons will suffice to make the ranchman forget the one hard winter, and you will find him re-stocking his ranch and going on, just as the early settlers in Kansas and Nebraska, eaten out by grasshoppers and burned out by the hot wind, came back to plow and plant again, persevering until these once "doubtful" states have become the surest crop producers in the American West. We soon forget.

And taking every industry of the West, Western Canada has fewer failures than most new countries. The average, in all agricultural pursuits is about as it is in the cattle business. And when we remember that the Canadian farmer may lose, utterly, one crop out of four and still fare better than the farmer in the States, even if

the latter were sure of every crop, the risk in Canada is really nothing, so long as the average is twenty-to-one.

A pioneer, near Battleford, has had two failures in a quarter of a century. He has been hailed out twice. Last year he got forty bushels per acre from a twenty-year-old field. Anothes man, still north of him, has thirty years experience with never a failure.

I asked a German Mennonite near Rosthern what his land was worth and he answered $100.00 an acre.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "it pays 7 per cent. on that amount, and has paid it for years."

And this land, lying north of the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, can be bought still at from $20.00 to $30.00 an acre, some of it within three miles of a station. It can be bought at this price in a district where forty bushel yields are not uncommon; where last year one field of fifty acres gave forty-six and one-half and two hundred and forty acres averaged forty bushels.

Some people will argue that land values have reached high tide, when as a matter of fact good wheat land is now selling so cheaply that it will, when properly farmed, pay thirty to forty per cent. upon the purchase price. Land in this "Last West" will never be too high until it is higher than land lying immediately south of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. I say this without fear of contradiction because it is better land in a better climate. Also the chances for success are to the chances for failure as twenty-to-one.

Of course the time will come when the price of lots and lands in this booming West must cease to soar skyward, but I no not expect it for some years yet. Values in the city of Saskatoon, a point of great importance, being on the main line of two and on an important branch of a third railway, doubled every thirty days for a period of six months last year, and so far there is no indication of a slump. As a matter of fact the year 1907 should be a banner year for this future commercial metropolis of Saskatchewan, for during the coming summer the Grand Trunk Pacific will begin running regular trains into this town, will complete the splendid bridge that is to span the Saskatchewan, and push on and possibly reach Edmonton before another snow falls. The completion of this line will shorten the road from Winnipeg to Saskatoon by at least fifty per cent. as they can, over their level line, make the run in ten hours. Of course this opening of a splendid competing line of railway will greatly enhance the value of land along the right of way and bring thousands of new farmers to these new fields.

And the successful and satisfied settlers are about twenty to one who fails or is dissatisfied. A watchful Government, and a watchful Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa makes homesteading as easy and attractive as life can ever be made for those who are pioneering in the Canadian West. In a little while, say ten years from now, there will be no free lands worth squatting on anywhere. This is, of a truth the Last West. Wherever good land is available, regardless of railways, the homeless man will do well to stake his claim, for it is only a matter of time, and very little time, until a railway will reach every fertile field in the great wheat belt. The Grand Trunk Pacific will have more miles of feeders than it will have of main lines. Wherever two or three small settlements are gathered together the Grand Trunk Pacific will go after them. And they will go straight—straight as the bird flies—regardless of expense. The builders of this new road calculated that if they secure, to all the important points in the West, the *short line* the advantage gained will more than justify the tunneling of hills and the bridging of valleys that ordinarily are avoided. Competition in Canada is keen and will grow sharper with the passing years and the road that can deliver the goods is the line that will secure the bulk of the business.

At this moment the "unholy war" that is being waged against the railways of the United States is not rag-

ing above the boundary to the same alarming extent. True Canada has its Railway Commission, but it is not so radical and seems to be endeavoring to do the right thing as between the common carrier and the public. Already the Canadian Commission is being accused by those papers which live only that they may die for the public and a greater circulation, of being the tool of the Corporations. This is the best evidence that the Commission is only trying to be fair and deal justly with those with whom it has to do.

In the fairly well settled state the railways are protesting and will fight in court against the compulsory two-cent passenger rate, claiming, justly no doubt, that the arbitrary imposition of this rate would compel many railways to run trains at a loss, which would be a great wrong, not merely to the men who manage the railways, but to thousands of innocent shareholders who have no voice in the matter but are helpless in the hands of the politicians and public men who, for votes or for other reasons, are out against the railroad.

It is fortunate for Canada that the present Government refuses to ape the Yankee Jingos who are engaged in disturbing the commercial peace and prosperity of that country, largely because it is the popular thing to do at this time.

Mr. Roosevelt proposes to regulate and Mr. Bryan immediately wants to operate, the railways of America. And so the war goes merrily on.

In a little while, if Mr. Roosevelt can find an engineer who will stick to the job, American railways will have to compete with a new water route between the Atlantic and the Pacific. That day the shrinkage in railway values on the continent will rún up into the billions, for traffic can never cross the Rockies against a short water route. Here, again Canada is fortunate, for the new national highway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, will cross the Great Divide where the Rocky mountains have practically pinched out, at an altitude only a little over 3,000 feet above the sea.

Through Children's Eyes

By Flora Baldwin

When the settlers began to come in, bringing their wives and children, the first step towards the permanent peopling of Western Canada was assured. Bachelors might come and go, take up homesteads and abandon them, buy farms and sell them again to wander farther or go back whence they came; but when the man came out of the sky line in a prairie schooner with his wife and bairns he tacitly said, "We will not wander more," and settled down to stay. The olive branches pe ged him down to the prairie.

For years a house with a child in it was a novelty, and a baby in a prairie shack an attraction with a drawing power a dramatic star might envy. But things are different now, as the school-houses scattered all over the plain will bear undisputed testimony.

There is other evidence also that Western Canada has been invaded by the children. It has been my good fortune to receive during the last year letters from seven hundred or more children—a few lines from British Columbia and Ontario, but the very great majority from the two new provinces and Manitoba.

A glance down the list of names serves to show the cosmopolitan nature of the population. Here are Gentile and Jew, German, American, English, Irish, Scotch; the natives of sunny France and Italy; fair-haired Swedes, Danes and Norwegians; children of oppressed Russia, and a few of the darker-haired race whose fathers ranged these plains in former years. There is

the usual proportion of little Browns and Smiths, youthful Johnstons and Robinsons, but in addition an array of names bespeaking anything but an English origin. There are children represented in that list who, when grown to citizenship, will forget that they are anything but Canadian, even though they bear names like Leduc, Schultz, Stanovich, Bellaire, O'Kelly, Bawtenheimer, Fleming, Lucci, Sigurdson and Ullerich.

Race suicide is not a problem if one can judge by these epistles, and the best part of Canada's population a decade hence is growing up in Canada *now*—sturdy, rosy youngsters, well-clothed, well-fed, well-bred. A lassie from Saskatchewan says, "I have seven sisters and one brother," another "I have five brothers and five sisters," and from a quaint little boy, "I have three brothers and two sisters of which I am the eldest." The first baby born in Lang, Saskatchewan, was given a hearty welcome and presented with a town lot. Another baby was called North-West—"a funny name" the little sister said, but showing the feeling of the parents to the home of their adoption. A tiny Russian baby boy was born on the train at Aylesbury, Sask., just the other day, and the reeve offered the father of the child a town lot if he would locate there, as the baby was the first man-child born in the village. Hazel Dewey Jones says, "We are all Yankees except little sister Alta, who is a Canadian."

The great majority of my correspondents are under fourteen years of age, but it is wonderful what a healthy interest they take in the country itself, its natural products and cultivated crops, and surprising what a wealth of information as to agricultural conditions their little missives contain. Louise T. describes her home in Southern Alberta in this way:—"The land in the surrounding country is very rich and raises wonderful crops. The land is rolling and is not as monotonous as the flat prairie. The summers are very pleasant and the air is healthful and invigorating." A Saskatchewan boy is equally enthusiastic over his surroundings:—"I live on the banks of the Pipestone. It is a beautiful place approached on either side by large hills, the south of which are studded with trees, while the north banks are clear. In the center flows a stream of water, broken here and there by miniature lakes, forming in all a chain called the Pipestone Creek. It is a pleasant place for a walk as the trees are filled with birds some of whom sing very sweetly. The air is heavy with fragrance of the vines which run up the trees and vegetation."

From many letters the presence of wild fruits and flowers in some parts of the West can be inferred. They speak of strawberries, raspberries and cranberries, and the varieties of flowers are vouched for by a hundred children who tell of roses, bluebells, orange lilies, Indian moccasins, anemones, golden rod, wood sorrel and honeysuckle.

Out of the mouths of these babes you can get as much reliable information about crops and stock as from the statistics of an expert. They are enthusiastic over the soil belonging to them, interested in everything that goes on within the boundaries of the farm. Father's possession and achievements are simply marvelous in the child's eyes and approached only by his own. "Dad has one horse that is a trotter, and he can go a mile in 2.28," is the proud boast of one lad; and "We have five pure bred Shorthorns" comes from another able to judge of the true value of things. The prizes won at fairs delight their hearts, and they talk learnedly of Red Fyfe and Minnesota No. 3, prize yearlings, colts, and three-year-olds that capture the coveted ribbons; and nothing could restrain the joy of the boy whose horse won the prize in harness, and whose mother was declared the best lady-driver on the ground.

Quite early the girls and boys undertake some duties which henceforth devolve particularly upon them. The care of poultry is one of the chief, and they easily know more about incubators and poultry foods, Silver-laced

Wyandottes and Brown Leghorns than you and I do. One family of three youngsters have thirty Pekin ducks for their very own, and a boy who raised turkeys last year on shares with his mother made money enough to buy a calf now worth twenty dollars. Bertie Brown, going on eight, has broken in a bronco to ride to school, though he adds in a Washingtonian love of truthfulness, "She was not very wild." A boy two years older plowed ten acres and harrowed thirty; another works on the round-up, and another drives the horse-power and hauls grain to town. (The technicalities of the language used make their achievements more impressive—band-cutting and out-fits, round-ups and broncos are mysteries to town folk.)

Sincerity is primarily a child virtue and you can usually depend on the truth of what comes from the lips of children—often it is more truthful than flattering. But in all the hundreds of letters, nearly every one written by children of new settlers contains some reference to their opinions of the new home, and very, very few,—not more than a dozen at most—have criticised it adversely. Two or three from old Ontario bewail the lack of the fruit which was so plentiful there. One girl hesitates and shyly admits. "I think I would rather live in town." Another has a stronger dislike and is correspondingly bolder in her declaration: "I came from the United States of America to Canada and do not like it here as well as I do the United States of America." No half-way measures about that, is there? A little girl who arrived here in the rainy season was so depressed that she broke into a low wail of poetry—extremely bad verse it was too—in which she lamented having left old England for *this*. I'm sorry I lost that poem—it was a gem. But most of the writers give testimony favorable enough to please a patent medicine manufacturer.

Here are some specimens chosen at random. "We came from Iowa four years ago, but we like the West as well as we do Iowa." "I would rather live in Saskatchewan." "When we came here to Alberta ten years ago there wasn't many houses, but now there are quite a few." "It was pretty cold here last winter but we enjoyed the winter and we all like Canada very much." (This is from an English girl.) "We feel so queer, living in a wooden house, after so long living in a brick house in England. All things are quite different here to what they are in the Old Country, even the spellings and tables and lots of other things. I think I shall soon get used to this country—at least I hope so."

"When we came here to Saskatchewan three years ago it was simply barren prairie, now it has a post office, several good stores, restaurant, livery, hotel, elevator and school. I dearly love Canada and would not like to leave it. Spring and autumn out here are lovely."

This from a practical lad: "I have to haul the wheat about fifteen miles, I am twelve years old. I have been here a *long* time and like this country fine. My father cut fifty ton of hay last summer."

Other evidences of prosperity besides the extension of the farm from a quarter section to a whole one, or even more, can be gathered from these childish epistles. They tell of the big new barn with cement or stone foundations, and of the new house with a furnace. The telephone in the Western farm house has ceased to be a novelty in the more thickly settled districts. Dozens of these children have their own ponies, riding to and from school every day. At Christmas time it was a common occurrence to hear that father and mother had given Mary a piano for a present, and she was going to start music lessons at once. Other instruments, the violin, cornet, piccolo, flute, are heard in these homes and books and magazines are not rarities. In fact, except in the farthest outlying districts the hardships of pioneer life are a thing of the past and not to be considered when contemplating a home in Western Canada. If you do not believe me, ask the children.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

MUSIC AS ADVERTISED

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"
With illuminated cover.
* * *
"Trust Her Not"
For fifty cents.
* * *
"I Would Not Live Always"
Without accompaniment.
* * *
"See The Conquering Hero Comes"
With full orchestra.
* * *
"When The Sun Shall Set No More"
In C.
* * *
"There Was a Little Fisher Maiden"
In three parts.
* * *
"The Tale of the Swordfish"
With many scales.
* * *
"After The Ball"
For second bass.
* * *
"Home, Sweet Home"
In one flat.

If the readers of the CANADA WEST discover a bit of spice in its columns we assure them it is not alspice.

PATTI'S FAREWELL

Long years ago in an opera box
Sat a youthful and ardent swell;
Who paid full dear with his father's rocks
To witness dear Patti's farewell.
Ah! the tears ran down his innocent cheeks
As there at the opera sat he,
And he sobbed full sore as the curtain fell:
"Oh, fare you well, Patti dear!
Farewell! Farewell!"

Two decades later a middle-aged man
To the opera went again,
And gazed on the stage while the big tears ran
Down his bearded face like rain.
For the same old sorrow wrenched his heart,
As there in his swallow-tail natty.
He sat once more in an opera box
And bade farewell to Patti.

And yesterweek a toothless wight
(For he's young, alas! no more),
To the opera went on a stormy night
To hear the "bird-notes" soar.
Oh, his joints were twisted with rheumatiz
And his locks were thin and ratty,
But she was as young as when, long ago,
He had sobbed "Farewell to Patti!"

"THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE"

By W. E. Moran

"Friend Smith," I asked one day, "Can you explain,
(You 've been upon a farm some time and baching it),
Why certain days bring trouble in their train,
And on such days a Hoodoo seems a-hatching it?

"Most times the farm runs smooth; when things go right
Then all is joy and bliss, to-day the Hoodoo
Has struck my homestead like the red-rust blight;
In such a case, please tell me, Smith, what *you* do."

Smith smiled and ran his fingers through his hair,
"I know those days," he laughed, "they 're something chronic,
My cure is just a pipe, a book, a chair,
While Hoodoos work I take a mental tonic."

Arriving home fresh trouble I detected,
I looked around my humble meal to make,
With Smith 's bull pup I instantly connected
The absence of my little bit o ' steak!

Then from his calm advice my heart took grace,
Although one dismal fact recalled itself,
Two volumes constituted all the book-case.
I reached and took them from the dusty shelf.

Then sought the easy chair, the pipe, and so
I lolled me back this novel cure to take on,
And read grim tales by Edgar Allan Poe
And pithy wisdom by Sir Francis Bacon.

I read until I realized anew
Poe 's meaning in "The Imp of the Perverse,"
For from his gruesome tales the smoke I blew;
My nerves were every minute growing worse.

And as the evening shades were long and narrowing
I rose and stretched myself and scratched my wig,
Though Edgar Allan Poe had done some "harrowing,"
Sir Francis Bacon hadn 't fed the pig!

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

ONCE MORE, LEST YOU FORGET

IN our February number under the caption "And Yet Once Again," we printed the following:

> "We want the people of the growing centers of Western Canada to use this magazine to their own best advantage. Every section of Western Canada has some story peculiarly its own. And these stories can be woven into an article. Put yourself in the place of the man outside—the interested man outside. He takes a map and hunts up your particular city. He learns from the text its population, its height above the sea level, the area of the surrounding district and many more details more or less interesting. But there is nothing there to tell him just what you want him to know about your particular city. To him there is something lacking. It isn't the size of the city that particularly interests him or the number of acres of arable land that immediately surround it. What he would ask is, 'Is there a corner there for me?' 'Can I with my capital, my brains, or my handicraft make good there?' 'Is it the city of my opportunity?' And this is just wherein the particular advantage of this magazine lies. In it you can, from month to month, tell the world your particular message, what you have to offer the newcomer and the special kind of new citizen you will most warmly welcome. So send along your copy for the next issue. We want to help you help yourselves."

If you are interested in Western Canada cut this out and paste it in your hat. Then, every time you see it, you will remember that THE CANADA WEST is waiting to hear from your town. You will remember, also, that this invitation comes from the editor—not from the advertising department. In other words, the article on your town will be published without cost to you. All we ask is that it be well written and absolutely accurate, and that it contain no criticism of any other town or district.

"THE WELCOME OF THE CITIES"

MISS Sara Hamilton Birchall, who has recently spent a month in Canada, came into the editor's office on her return. "It's a wonderful country!" she said. "I'm proud of my English

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO

ancestry. Distances and people and cities and ideas are big in Canada."

The editor thought that was a good beginning, but he found the ending even better, for it left him in possession of a series of poems written especially for the CANADA WEST, on the different Canadian cities, interpreting their spirit with remarkable insight and force. Miss Birchall has seen the North Country with fresh eyes, and has felt its charm to an unusual degree. We believe these sympathetic studies of the Canadian spirit will appeal to all Canadians, and to all lovers of free verse, to whatever flag they may owe allegiance.

"A QUICKSAND BOTTOM"

A new country brings out the elemental—some say brutal—qualities of the men who strive with Nature for their scant living, and endure cold and hunger and loneliness for the sake of the rainbow Future. The advance of the railway, the wild scramble to get land next the line, the platting of future townsites, the uncertainty of what to-morrow may produce, are matters wherein many men have found their courage and unselfishness and honesty severely tried. Such conditions are dealt with in "A Quicksand Bottom," which appears in the July number. It is by Robert J. C. Stead, who writes with a keen insight into the hearts of men. It is the story of Canada and the "Inter-Ocean Railway"; the story of a man who loved a woman and lost her, ruined her husband and—but that's telling. You will find the story worth reading, and perhaps re-reading.

HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON'S NEW STORY

GIVEN: one happy-go-lucky, stubborn, energetic, young son of a California millionaire, who has indulged in the luxury of a quarrel with his "Governor" and is reduced to the necessity of earning his living as a janitor in a city flat. Given, one pretty girl who writes to him every week, and who comes unexpectedly to town with a letter from the "Governor" in her muff. And you have the material for a very pretty romance.

You will laugh when you read it next month, for it is very clever, as anything of Hubert McBean Johnston's is bound to be. You will wish you could have been present when the irrepressible Bobby had to confess. You will end by respecting the boy and liking everybody in the story. They are most pleasant people to spend an hour with, after the supper dishes are washed and Mother sits down with her mending basket.

A MAN WHO KNOWS CANADA

EVERYBODY knows Cy Warman. He has been over every mile of railroad in the country, and many miles that never saw a spike or a tie. He needs no introduction; his stories are always good, and you'll read the one in our July number with a real appreciation of this man who knows Canada and loves her from Vancouver Narrows to the Bay of Fundy.

SOME OTHER GOOD THINGS IN JULY

WE are going to have several other good things in the July number—it is going to be a big magazine, a Seven-by-Ten-by-Two Magazine, and we're proud of it.

Miss E. Cora Hind, one of the editors of the *Manitoba Free Press*, will have an article in the next issue on an interesting undertaking of a corporation that has done big things for Western Canada. Miss Hind, being

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the market editor of the *Free Press*, says, "My specialty is wheat and pigs," but she knows other things than the average yield of Alberta Red, or the daily fluctuations in value of Philip D. Armour's private pork-barrel. The story will hold your interest. Then there will be a poem by Charles Sands on the tenderfoot hero, celebrating the ultimate victory of the much-abused English ranchman; an article on Regina's new hotels by Mr. F. C. Lawson, secretary of the Regina Board of Trade, that tells how Regina people are no longer shy of saying, "Stop off at Regina when you're passing through"; a story about a little boy who took his daddy fishin'; and a whole armful of other "good stuff" that litters our desk this minute in a most enticing sort of way. We think the July number will be worth a four weeks' wait, and if you don't agree with us, we'll never make another editorial prediction.

THIS IS PRAISE INDEED

"What a very good magazine you are making of THE CANADA WEST," writes Madame Frechette of Ottawa. "I read and enjoy every word of it, every month."

This gentle reader, is the opinion of the sister of William Dean Howells.

The Editor.

Harvesting Scene 8 Miles from Lethbridge, Alta., August, 1906. Farm of J. Silver, 2,100 acres. This was all Wild Land in 1905.

¶ We own and offer for sale either in small parcels or en-bloc **Ten Thousand Acres** of choicest open prairie Winter Wheat Lands, in the famous Lethbridge District—Free from stone or scrub—Admirably adapted for colonization or steam plow proposition.

¶ Write for full particulars, prices and terms. Information cheerfully given. Buy direct from the owners and save agent's commissions.

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Outfit Now Working on Farm of A. S. Bowman. 7,000 Acres near Taber, Alta., Lethbridge District.

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg, lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific,is the Chicago of Canada. In 1870 its population was 215. In 1902, it was 48,411. In 1906 it was well above the 100,000 mark and is growing with the stride of a giant. Thousands of citizens in the raw from the East and South pour daily through its portals, most of them bound for the wheat fields beyond. But many of them stay and make good. Winnipeg is the city of every man's opportunity. The man with initiative who comes himself and looks over the field, seeing the need and being quick to supply it, is the man who will succeed.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is throbbing with genuine prosperity and is destined to become, in the not distant future, the most important railroad, industrial and residential center of all Western Canada. With four great railroad systems—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Great Northern, we have railroad shipping and distributing facilities positively unexcelled in Western Canada, barring none! Desirable industrial and residential sites are available, that are both convenient and cheap, while the cost of living is comparatively low. Capitalists, manufacturers, wholesalers and everyone wishing to participate to the fullest possible extent in the unprecedented prosperity of this, the last and greatest West, must come west, where the benefits of unexcelled railroad facilities and lessened expenses will prove greatest, and as a business proposition, it will pay you to investigate the advantages and greater possibilities of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, the prettiest and healthiest residential city in Western Canada. Any desired information will be furnished cheerfully by H. W. Baker, Sec'y Twenty Thousand C ub & Board of Trade, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

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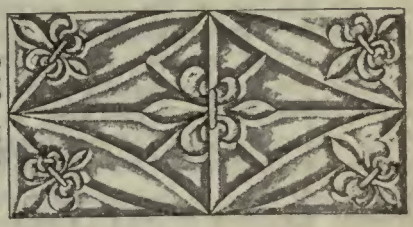

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

MOOSE JAW.

Moose Jaw, a progressive city of Saskatchewan, is backed by a rich agricultural hinterland of 1,500,000 acres. The district offers investment in farm lands at prices ranging from $10 to $30 per acre. In the city proper, capital to invest in building houses to rent is a good and safe investment. Spur track accommodation has been made by the C. P. R. upon which locations for buildings can be secured at reasonable rates, and special openings exist for wholesale and distributing warehouses. There is a splendid chance for the right men to make money in brickyards, stock sales market, an abattoir, a tannery, shoe factories and woolen mills. For the last industry wool is procurable from the sheep ranches in the territory west and southwest.

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories, and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The city owns and operates its water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs, and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

CANORA.

Canora, a rapidly growing town of Canada, offers good openings of almost every kind. There is room for a good buttermaker; a chicken or poultry farmer; a lawyer; and a good tailor need never be idle. There are splendid money-making opportunities for the man who will establish another lumber yard; a coal and wood yard; and a small, sash, door and planing mill prepared to do cabinet work. There is need for a local paper and printer; a blacksmith and a wagonmaker; a drug store. That a flour mill could be successfully operated is substantiated by the fact that one flour dealer alone is selling a carload every three weeks (he is just moving into a new brick store costing $5,000.) There is also a profitable opening for a furniture store; a men's clothing store; a millinery and dressmaking shop; a Scandinavian general store; and a steam laundry.

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS—*Continued*

CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the city is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware; blankets and horse clothing; horseshoes and nails; coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.

SASKATOON.

The most rapidly growing city west of Winnipeg: situated in the heart of the great and fertile Saskatchewan Valley. The three great transcontinental railways converge at Saskatoon and it must become the great distributing center for an immense district, in the most fertile wheat country in the world. There is a good opening for an oatmeal mill, packing plant, shoe factory, soap factory, biscuit factory, agricultural implements factories and wholesale jobbing houses in all lines. Assessment increased from $2,500,000 in 1906 to $6,600,000 in 1907.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.

STRATHCONA.

Strathcona, situated at the gateway to the Mackenzie and Peace River basins; the market for an exceptionally productive mixed farming district, with abundant fuel, timber, power and water, offers especial advantages to manufacturers, wholesalers, investors and farmers. Strathcona has begun a new era of progress and is receiving a large number of incoming settlers. There are openings here for a biscuit factory, dairying, machinery manufacture, cement block works, a shoe factory, coffee and spice mill, a wholesale grocery, a wholesale drygoods house, an up-to-date hotel would also find a splendid opening.